

THE SUNDAY TIMES

سكز من الاصل

MUST MAN DIE?

A new theory about how we grow old by
SIR MACFARLANE BURNET
OM and Nobel scientist 21

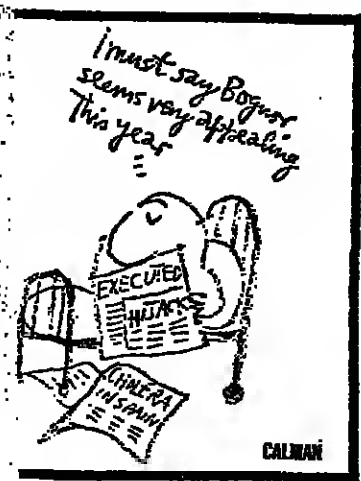
NEWS DIGEST

JULY 25 1971

Your anti-Market may be tight

LABOUR Party's National Executive Committee this week to come out against the Common Market as an official party policy. The vote, to be taken on Monday, is likely to be 16-10, but it could be as close as 14-12, writes James

What will follow a statement by Mr. Maudling that the party should not enter at all levels, and urging a vote against the Government's terms in the straight "for or against" Parliament at the end of October. Every stage of the subsequent legislation the following 18 months. A policy of spelling out Labour's case will be for the high debate at the annual conference at Brighton in October. The Labour Party Council yesterday voted unanimously in favour of Britain's acceptance of entry terms.



b: 'a fair trial'

UJIB RAHMAN, the imprisoned Pakistani leader, is to be given a fair defence counsel, Pakistani officials say. He will face a charge of terrorism. The Sheikh was arrested in March when fighting broke out between the Army and Bangladesh. Government officials are confident they will succeed in convicting him on the basis of directives which he has allegedly issued to hanks and personnel while he was de facto leader of Bangladesh.

nists' demands

CONTRACEPTION, abortion and support for the Women's Liberation Movement were urged yesterday at a meeting of the National Association of Nurses, equal educational and opportunities for women, and the Little Red Schoolbook to "teach" Britain. The book's publisher, Handyside, is appealing convictions under the Obscene Publications Act over the book.

lawsthorne dead

Alan Rawsthorne died in Cambridge yesterday. He was a composer, then architect, and before turning to music when his considerable output were the violin, piano and cello. He was a composer, then architect, and before turning to music when his considerable output were the violin, piano and cello. He was a composer, then architect, and before turning to music when his considerable output were the violin, piano and cello.

y pregnancy

In Rome yesterday removed the 15 babies from the womb of a woman who was in the fourth month of pregnancy. All the babies were perfectly formed and each weighed about a pound. It was believed the woman had a multiple pregnancy in the fourth month.

can defied

Volunteers for the relief organisation Omega leave London next week despite a Pakistani ban on such organisations crossing the border. Other Omega volunteers are also being defied by the ban, they say. The ban is a major relief organisation, for example.

ssue picture

Yesterday issued an identikit picture of a man who was in the fourth month of pregnancy. All the babies were perfectly formed and each weighed about a pound. It was believed the woman had a multiple pregnancy in the fourth month.

n's doctor' dies

Health expert Sir Alan Alder Monro died yesterday at the age of 69. He was a Japanese bacteriologist who was rushed to Spain from the World Health Organisation's headquarters in Geneva. Within 24 hours he reported the discovery of first-class cholera virus in two remote villages in the North-East province of Zaragoza.

ng oil slick

Geography pilot Sidney Smith of the RAF reported seeing a 35-mile oil slick off the coast of the Azores. He was on a three-hour search for it and it vanished except for a few spots of light oil.

gery

HEAD, 1700 years old and woman, has been found during a dig in the grounds of the pital, Oxford. Holes in the wall suggest a murder or ritual sacrifice.

ale in July

With snow showers yesterday by climbers who were in the Scottish Highlands. The winter in Inverness-shire.

to go

Street in New York City a on a wall reads: "US-Out".

Ulster fear of revenge war by Protestants

By Muriel Bowen and John Whale

THE PROSPECT that private armies of Ulster Protestants will seek to take their own vengeance on suspected IRA terrorists has become a real fear in the minds of Ministers in Belfast and London. Mr Faulkner, the Northern Ireland Prime Minister, said in a speech to party loyalists in his East Down constituency last night: "I know there are very many people who want to be actively rather than passively involved in the anti-terrorist campaign. To them my firm advice is—on no account be drawn into any kind of 'private enterprise' activity. This would merely hinder the professionals."

Friday night's statement from Mr Maudling, the Home Secretary, halting army searches as "a new phase in the battle against the IRA," was made partly in response to representations from Ulster MPs that what they called "moderate Protestants" were now prepared to take the law into their own hands. The MPs told the Home Secretary that businessmen who feared or had suffered attack on their premises had offered money to "citizens respected in the community," so that forces could be raised, to heat the IRA into the ground. The offers were refused only on the ground that "every man willing" had a gun, and some had two.

A senior colleague of Mr Maudling was told by one Ulster MP: "Make no mistake about it. If the Ulster Protestants move, the IRA will be shown to be a bunch of amateurs—and God alone knows where it will all end."

Mr Faulkner's speech showed little confidence that these Protestant anxieties would be allayed for more than a few days, either by Mr Maudling's statement or by the military moves which it accompanied. He felt it necessary to defend the doctrine of "minimum force" to which the Home Office and the Army resolutely adhere, even though they may have raised its threshold a little. "The use of minimum force," Mr Faulkner said, "is not a policy which can be changed tomorrow, but the obligation under the law of uniformed men as of civilians. This is not a Hungary or a Czechoslovakia, where the security forces can use any means."

Mr Maudling is already less than popular among Ulster MPs at Westminster, who regard him as dangerously quietist. They are using a number of methods to try to embarrass Mr Heath into shift-

ing him from the Home Office, including the threat of withholding their support on the crucial Common Market vote in the autumn.

The private army idea short-circuits the current Unionist demand for a full-time battalion of the part-time Ulster Defence Regiment, which contains several former B-Specials. That demand is still being considered by the Ministry of Defence in London. Failing that, and if Friday's new moves show no appreciable effect, the authorities will have little other option except the internment of suspected terrorists. They are known to regard the co-operation of the Dublin Government as indispensable for that purpose. No moves have yet been made to secure it.

The Army's problems in calming the Catholic population of Londonderry were increased yesterday when one of its lorries knocked down a small boy in the Bogside. He is understood to have been dead on arrival at Aintree General Hospital.

An angry crowd of 100 set fire to the lorry as police tried to move it. Eventually the police gave up their attempt and withdrew under a shower of stones and other missiles.

According to eye-witnesses the lorry skidded and mounted a footpath, where it hit nine-year-old Damien Harkin on his way home from the cinema with another boy.

When the soldiers got out of the lorry and boarded two Saracens in the small convoy they were stoned by the crowd, and half-an-hour later when two army Landrovers arrived in the street they came under heavy stone fire.

Police were allowed to investigate without interference, but when they had finished their inquiries, including an inspection of the army lorry, there was a demonstration against them. As they were getting into their cars, one police car was stoned and its rear window smashed as it drove off. The crowd converged on three policemen, two uniformed and one in plain clothes, as they were going towards their car.

Members of Derry Citizens' Central Council got the three policemen into a house, while the crowd remained outside shouting threats. Some of the crowd set the army lorry on fire, and five Saracens which arrived in the area a short time afterwards came under attack. As the crowd moved towards the army vehicles the three policemen were able to get away in a car.



Mrs El Nur yesterday: "It is an international scandal"

Sudan wife urges mercy for husband

MRS KHANSA al-Nur Osman, wife of the Sudanese president who was taken off a BOAC VC 10 by the Libyans on Thursday, yesterday made an eleventh hour appeal "to the British Government and people" to save her husband, Lt-Col Babakar al-Nur, from a firing squad. The Foreign Office, however, having protested strongly to the Libyan Government for taking Lt-Col al-Nur and Major Hamadallah off the BOAC aircraft, yesterday congratulated President Nimeiry of the Sudan, to whom the two officers have been handed over, on escaping from danger. The British Government at the same time appealed to President Nimeiry to show clemency.

Yesterday afternoon, however, Radio Omdurman, which President Nimeiry now once again controls, announced that three more officers have been shot as a result of the coup which made Lt-Col al-Nur

president of the Sudan for three days. There was still no news of the fate of al-Nur and his prime minister, Major Farouk Hamadallah, beyond the fact that they were reported to have been flown from Libya to Khartoum.

Tearfully, Mrs al-Nur told a Press conference yesterday in London that her husband's kidnapping from the BOAC flight could not be described "as anything less than vicious piracy."

Mrs El Nur, 31-year-old mother of five children, added: "It is an international scandal, and I think it the duty of all people all over the world to exercise the utmost efforts to stop this crime."

Although President El Numeiry was a friend of her family, she said she had decided not to make a personal appeal to him, "because I believe that public opinion is stronger."

The kidnaps drama, page 11

The El Tor cholera trail may lead to Britain

INSIGHT

FIVE DAYS AGO, as the Spanish Health Ministry was angrily denying the existence of "a single case" of cholera in the country, a Japanese bacteriologist was rushed to Spain from the World Health Organisation's headquarters in Geneva. Within 24 hours he reported the discovery of first-class cholera virus in two remote villages in the North-East province of Zaragoza.

At 2.18 on Thursday afternoon, a terse cable from the Spanish authorities confirmed what the World Health experts already knew. Exactly ten years after it suddenly broke out of a tiny island off Indonesia, the hardy, unpredictable strain of cholera known as El Tor had established a bridgehead in Western Europe.

The surprising thing is that it took so long to arrive. The WHO's bacterial disease unit, tracking the progress of El Tor across three continents, had confidently anticipated its leap from North Africa to the Mediterranean coast a year ago. Two European cases were, in fact, confirmed last summer; one in Cardiff, the other just south of Paris.

There were, beyond doubt, further cases that never came to light. Some would have been incorrectly

diagnosed as severe diarrhoea or dysentery; others were almost certainly concealed by local health authorities, scared stiff of the impact on tourism and the severe dislocation that effective quarantine imposes. Until recently, the WHO would never announce confirmed cholera without the permission of the country concerned. Now, however, it has taken to discreet Press leaks and, with extreme cases, such as Guinea last year, unilateral announcements.

There is every reason to believe that the Spanish outbreak will spread, quite rapidly, to other parts of Europe. And among some of the most experienced cholera specialists there is surprise, to say the least, at breezy assertions by the Ministry of Health that cholera poses no real threat to Britain.

Almost a year ago, Dr Jose Merino, senior bacteriologist at Madrid University's School of Health, warned that El Tor cholera would soon reach Europe. "Britain as well as any other country could have an outbreak," he stressed. "Britain should be ready to impose special sanitary measures at all ports, frontier posts and airports."

In private, many World Health Organisation men fully agree with this assessment. They were badly

shaken by the remarkable circumstances of the one known cholera case in Britain last year. Early in September, a 57-year-old Cardiff man returned from holiday in Tunisia suffering from what seemed like severe diarrhoea. With nothing to go on—there were no reports of the disease in Tunisia—his GP played a hunch and tested for cholera. The tests revealed the first known case of El Tor in Britain. After intensive investigation, the Ministry of Health reported that the man, who subsequently recovered, had not passed on the disease.

Under heavy pressure from the WHO, the Tunisians traced the infection to Jerba; it was the first confirmation that cholera had arrived in that part of North Africa.

THE FIRST IDENTIFICATION of the El Tor strain was made in 1905 by a German pathologist who found traces of puzzling, cholera-type bacteria in the bodies of six Muslim pilgrims. (El Tor was a quarantine station outside Mecca.) Thirty years later, the same strain suddenly became endemic in Celebes, where most of the inhabitants were Muslims.

For another 25 years El Tor

showed little sign of spreading. Then, in the summer of 1961, it burst with appalling speed out of Celebes, reaching South-East Asia and the World Health Organisation believe, the Chinese mainland.

The WHO still has no idea why this seventh cholera pandemic began, nor how it spread. In 1964, El Tor swept into the Ganges Delta region of Northern India, where "classical" cholera had been endemic for centuries. Here, the World Health experts believed, it would surely be halted and absorbed by the classical strain.

Within a year, El Tor had virtually replaced classical cholera in India. The WHO's Bacterial Diseases Unit reported that there was no longer any hope of checking its spread; it would race through the Middle East into Africa and then, with chilling inevitability, turn towards Europe.

Last September, El Tor cleared its final natural barrier, the Sahara Desert, and arrived in Guinea. On the latest count, nearly 20 African countries—including Kenya, Uganda, Nigeria and Ghana—have confirmed or strongly suspected cases of El Tor. And it is now

continued on page 2

Concorde 'bent' by American aged 61

By Tony Dawe

THE PILOT who "bent" Britain's Concorde during a test flight last week was 61-year-old Captain Scott Flower, brought out of retirement by Pan American to head their flight research into the supersonic

airliner. He was the oldest man by 12 years to fly a Concorde, six years over the age limit for airlines like BOAC, and he did not even fly himself all the way to the Concorde test—because he is a year over the American limit for commercial piloting.

At present, Flower is at a hide-away address in Florida, writing his report on Concorde.

His take-off was described by a Concorde engineer as the "hairiest I have seen," and after a burst at twice the speed of sound, Captain Flower did an "incredibly tight" 180-degree turn at high speed, subjecting the aircraft to the pressure of 3.3G—nearly three and a half times the pull of gravity. The normal pressure created by an 180-degree test manoeuvre is 2.5G.

The extra stress was confirmed by flight recordings.

It was Captain Flower who evaluated the Boeing 747 jumbo jet for Pan Am before retiring last July after 21 years as chief pilot.

Pan Am decided his experience was necessary to test the first airliner of the supersonic age.

Mr Leslie Huchfield, Labour MP for Nuneaton and an aviation specialist, said yesterday: "I am very curious indeed to know what a man of this age was doing flying the Concorde and precisely what flying instructions he was given."

In this case, the British Aircraft Corporation adopted its usual policy of trying to hush up any problems with the aircraft.

But the story was leaked by one of their employees and I understand many feel aggrieved that "an ageing American should come over here and bend our latest technological wonder."

Germaine Greer on THE SMELL. SELL 28

COLOUR MAGAZINE

SCOOP!

The Glorious Revolution of 1688

another in the series of history as news

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WILSON

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In formulating your own opinion on this immense and important issue, can you really afford not to take The Times?

When The Times speaks, the world listens.

We laid basis for growth—Heath

THE PRIME MINISTER said yesterday that the real meaning of the Government's reduction of nearly 20 per cent in purchase tax, the halving of SRT and the CBI's initiative to curb future price increases could become clear only if they were seen as the culmination of a year's hard work by the Government. He was speaking at Gloucester.

A year ago, said Mr Heath, the Government was examining the facts of the situation it had inherited without rushing out immediate announcements. The facts were rising prices, wage claims in the pipeline that would make certain that prices would go up still faster, industrial relations in a mess and industry confused and despondent.

“We might have pretended that these facts did not exist. We might have coasted along from day to day hoping that things would improve. We might have gained easy popularity by introducing at once the kind of measures which were announced earlier this week.

But if we had done that we would have been building a house before the foundations were laid. We could have given immediate relief, but it would have been followed by disappointment and fresh setbacks.

As the first step in laying sound foundations we introduced the Industrial Relations Bill. . . . Already we have seen a welcome improvement in the number of strikes. . . . The number of stoppages in the first five months of this year was less than half that of the same period in 1970. At the same time we decided

that we must resist inflationary wage settlements and encourage others to do the same. Of course, we could have followed the easy way and simply handed out the money. This is what the Labour Government had been doing right up to the election.

We could have followed the advice of those who told us to set up a great new apparatus for compulsory state control of prices and incomes. This, too, our predecessors had tried, and it ended in failure.

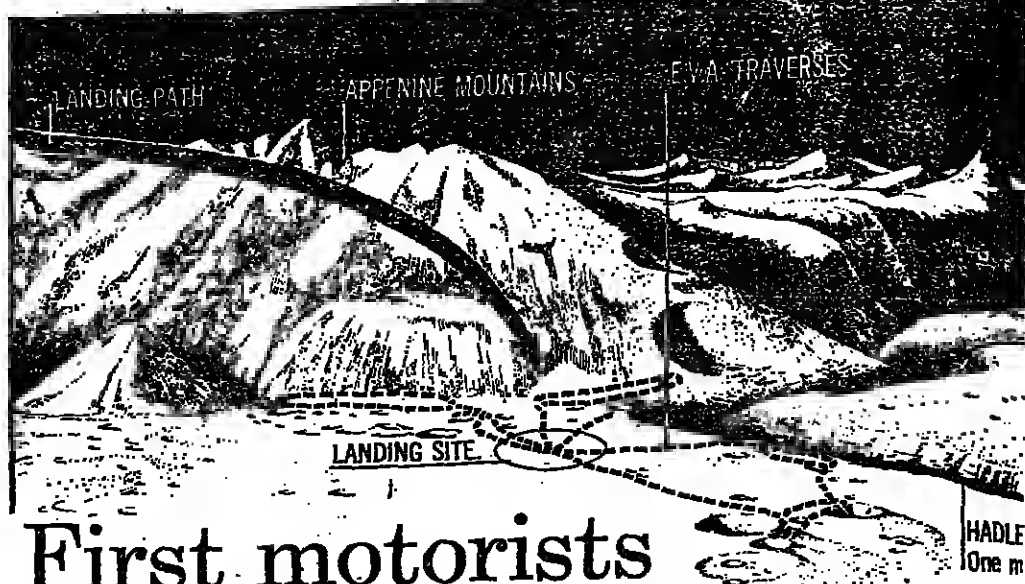
We tried instead to bring home to people the essential facts about wages and prices in a free society. They are as true and important today as they were a year ago.

Gradually this truth has sunk home. Slowly perhaps, but surely, the size of wage claims and of wage settlements is coming closer to reality.

Once again I would emphasise that unless we had taken this stand against inflationary wage settlements the measures of expansion which we have just announced would not have been possible.

Another major decision was to work towards a new attitude of British industry. Because here, too, we have made progress. British industry is better prepared to take advantage of the opportunities now opening before it.

Here, again, unless we had taken this stand over the past year the measures announced earlier this week would not have been possible. Because of a year's hard work in laying the foundations, we are able now as a country to begin a process of expansion which will be sound and enduring.



First motorists on the moon

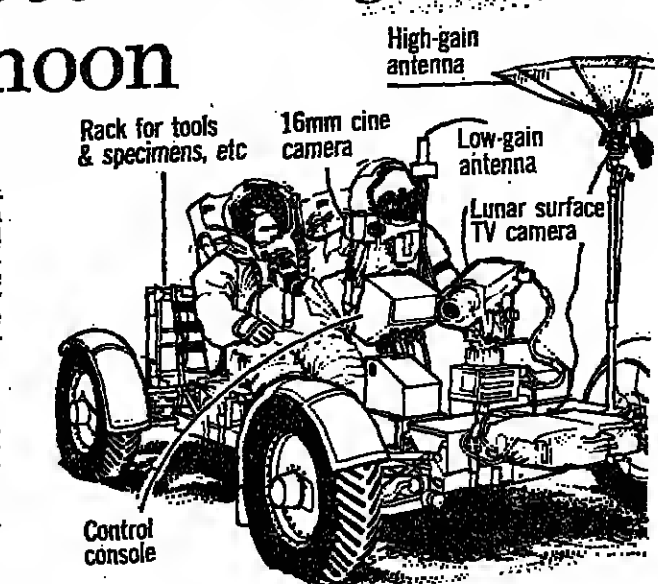
By Bryan Silcock
Science Correspondent

WHEN the Apollo 15 lunar module Falcon lands on the moon late on Friday, astronauts David R. Scott and James B. Irwin will be perfectly placed to explore some of the most spectacular lunar scenery. Blast-off from Cape Kennedy is set for 2.34 pm tomorrow.

Only a few miles from the touch-down point the Apennine range, the biggest on the moon, rises steeply from the surrounding plain in an escarpment higher than the southern front of the Himalayas. And nearby is the Hadley Rille, a lunar competitor of the Colorado Grand Canyon which meanders for more than 60 miles across the surface. On average it is a mile across and 1,300ft deep.

Scott and Irwin will travel to the foot of the mountains, the lip of the Rille and other pieces of scientific interest in a vehicle called the Lunar Rover. It will carry them and their equipment at speeds of up to eight mph, and up 25 degree slopes, as far as six miles from the lunar module. The limit is set by the distance they could walk back in an emergency.

The Rover looks rather like a stripped-down electric milk float and it is in fact battery powered. But there the resemblance ends, for it boasts such exotic features as "tyres" made of a woven mesh of piano wire with titanium plates



for treads, an elaborate navigation system incorporating a gyroscope and a small computer, a single control handle for steering, accelerating, braking and reversing, and tanks of malleable material to absorb heat.

Scott and Irwin will spend a total of 20 hours outside Falcon, making three separate trips. They will deploy the usual package of experiments and collect a record 250 pounds of rock and soil samples, some of them from ten feet below the surface with the help of a new drill.

Television viewers back on earth will be able to see far more of the astronauts' activities than ever before. A TV camera will be mounted on the Rover and, when-

ever they stop, they will on. For the first time, back pictures of the lunar module from the moon surface will be transmitted.

After they have rejoined the module, the astronauts will spend two days in the moon, photographing the surface and conducting scientific experiments, before heading for home. One of the on their programme is to drop overboard scientific satellite.

Splashdown will be in the Pacific in the August 7.

An eye for detail. That's what you need in the police.

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The problems the police face vary greatly, from keeping one step ahead of the increasingly sophisticated methods of modern crime, to the unenviable task of dealing with the ever-growing difficulties of traffic congestion. But the same meticulous

attention to the little things is a vital factor in finding the right answer, whatever the problem.

And all the time the policeman has to hold the balance between the needs of the community and the rights of the individual. Ask him how he copes with it all and, ten to one, he'll just say that the satisfaction of the job makes up for the knocks.

Being a policeman will test any man. The job takes tact, intelligence, patience, and guts. It's a good job for all of us that our police have got what it takes.

Making a career in the police.

If you would like to know more about a policeman's life and career prospects, or think it would interest anyone you know, write to: Police Careers Officer, Home Office (D), LONDON, S.W.1, for further information. For those under 19 there are opportunities to join as a cadet.

Britain's Police— doing a great job.



Cholera

continued from page 1

killing more people in Africa than in Asia, even with the present classical strain outbreaks in the West Bengal refugee camps.

DURING ITS TRAVELS, El Tor has displayed an ominous unpredictability. It has already split into two distinct types, Ogawa and Inaba. The Inaba type went through Saudi Arabia, up into Turkey and on to the USSR, where there was a major outbreak last summer. Ogawa moved into North Africa and has now arrived in Spain. Bacteriologists are puzzled and considerably alarmed by the implication that El Tor can adapt itself to the most effective form for widely different environments.

In either form, El Tor resists antibiotics and vaccines more effectively than classical cholera; it can also survive longer in the environment. There are indications that, promptly and properly treated, it may be less malignant than classical cholera. But in

prime breeding grounds like the underdeveloped West African countries, it is a killer, with a mortality rate approaching 70 per cent.

The source of the Spanish outbreak was almost certainly Morocco, where El Tor was confirmed earlier this year. Spanish health teams have, for some weeks, been quietly vaccinating inhabitants of Melilla, the Spanish colonial enclave next to Morocco. But nothing much can be done about the thousands of Moroccans moving from Algeria through Spain to jobs in Britain, France, Holland, Belgium and Germany. Many itinerant workers pass through Zaragoza and health authorities fear that the disease has spread from cafes and lodgings along the route.

The scope of the problem for health authorities facing the threat of cholera is perhaps best illustrated by the single El Tor case reported in France last year. The patient was an elderly lady who had never been more than 20 miles from home. She had never had contact with North Africans; none of her family or other associates were infected; her water supply not contaminated. Yet, somehow, she contracted a disease that, officially, had not reached Europe.

Travel n blame 'g'

GREEDY HOTELIER who deliberately over-insurance against cancellations were blamed by the Association of Travel Agents for whole package holiday bad name.

"Package holiday finest value for money market and the British be assured that they allow unsupervised affect holidaymakers," a spokesman said, out that nearly the people will travel a package tours this year that it would be "irr to say that occasion would not crop up, it "cautious practice" booking.

This sort of thing comes to light during season, "but the makers affected are higher value alternatives, the cost of which borne by the tour operator."

The businessman's guide to the Middle East



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مكتبة الاول

Poly men reject computer

THE MEN in charge of Britain's 30 polytechnics last week rejected the early introduction of a centralised admissions and clearing scheme like the one used for university entrance.

Norman Lindsay, director of Haffield Poly and vice-chairman of the Committee of Directors of Polytechnics, explained: "Because of the cost and range of our courses, which is much wider than at universities, we are unable to recommend a centralised clearing scheme at this stage. The separate admissions procedure means that we are able to preserve direct personal contact with the applicant."

This decision means that the degree service organised by the Department of Education and Science (DES) in co-operation with the Sunday Times continues to be the only way in which several thousand students can be directly placed in vacancies on degree and other advanced courses at polytechnics and technical colleges during August and September. Full details of the service will appear in The Sunday Times next week.

Students who wish to get useful published material to supplement the DES/Sunday Times Degree Service should write to the following bodies (and not The Sunday Times):

Department of Education and Science, Room 107, Curzon St, London, W1Y 8AA, where the full list of local advisory officers is available.

Scottish Education Department, 8 George St, Edinburgh, Scotland, does not participate in the DES/Sunday Times service, but free publications include Higher Education and You and the Directory of Day Courses, which lists non-university courses in Scotland.

Council for National Academic Awards, 3 Devonshire St, London, W1Y 8BA. The Compendium of Degree Courses is a free publication with information on CNA degree courses at polytechnics and colleges.

Regional Advisory Council, Tavistock House South, Tavistock Square, London, WC1. The Compendium of Advanced Courses in Technical Colleges (60p) lists degree and diploma courses at technical colleges including courses for professional qualifications.

Careers Research and Advisory Service, Euston Street, Cambridge, CB2 1LZ. 18+ Choice (11) is a new publication discussing the variety of opportunities that exist in higher education, application procedures and a bibliography. It will help sixth formers and parents to avoid the eleventh-hour rush for places next year.

The Sunday Times DEGREE SERVICE

The Sunday Times service will not cover universities and colleges of education because clearing schemes for these already exist. However, for students who wish to obtain university or college places this October, we have not yet applied, we list the following details:

Universities. Students who receive unexpectedly good "A" level results in the next few weeks, but who have not yet applied through the Universities Central Council of Admissions (UCCA), should write for application forms to: UCCA, PO Box 38, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, GL50 1HY. UCCA is unable to guarantee that these late applications will be sent to the preferred university.

Students already registered with UCCA who have not received definite places, or who have withdrawn, are automatically issued with applications for the UCCA clearing scheme by the end of July.

Colleges of Education. The Central Register and Clearing House operates a late application scheme for students who want to enter teacher training courses. About 2,000 vacancies are expected to arise during August and September. Full details of the service will appear in The Sunday Times next week.

Candidates who are not already on the Register should apply on cards obtainable from individual colleges or from the Central Register and Clearing House, 3 Crawford Place, London, W1Y 8BN. Details of the Register to Certificate of Education and B.Ed. degrees are contained in the Summary of Teacher Training Courses at Colleges and Departments of Education, available from the Central Register for 28p, including postage and packing.

The full vacancy list is drawn up on September 1 and completed cards should be sent to the Central Register, shortly before this. Candidates already registered, but without places, will be sent forms for the Central Register clearing scheme in September 3 without making further application.

Grants. Students who have already accepted higher education places should apply to their local education authority to complete applications for grants. Individual advice about grants problems can be obtained from the National Union of Students, Education and Welfare Department, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, WC1.

Alex Finer

Londoner fights US justice on shot students

By Stephen Fay, New York

THE BATTLE to persuade the Nixon administration to investigate the death of four students at Kent State University 15 months ago is being waged in an English court. A Londoner insurance broker last week presented evidence suggesting that a small group of Ohio National Guardsmen actually conspired to "punish" protesting students, and that this led to their deaths.

Peter Davies was born in Hampstead 40 years ago, and has worked for the last 15 years in a crowded office. He is a little, nervous man who became passionately engaged by the case of the Kent State killings immediately after they occurred, soon after he established a partnership with Arthur Krause, the father of one of the dead students, to persuade the Federal authorities to discover how four teenagers could be shot down by armed soldiers on a mid-American campus.

His report, which was released by representatives of the United Methodist Church in Washington last week, is a carefully researched 14-month investigation of the available evidence. He explains it on television and in newspapers, but is not immediately recognisable. London accent. The report went to the Justice Department a month ago, and it promises a decision "soon" on whether a Federal Grand Jury will be established to investigate. The Department has been promising a decision "soon" for the past eight months.

Davies left England in 1957 because he felt that individual rights were being diminished. He says now, recognising the irony of his present preoccupation: "I couldn't imagine a thing like this happening in England, and I don't think this is where my being English comes in; I was shocked partly because I was English, and also because I couldn't imagine this sort of thing happening here, either."

What happened, he is now convinced, is that a small minority of the National Guardsmen at the Kent State campus turned at the

top of a hill and fired intentionally, peering students standing 300ft away. The men in Troop G of the 107th Armoured Cavalry, refused to comment on Davies' allegations this week.

Davies' evidence, which consists primarily of a series of pictures showing members of Troop G apparently huddling together before retreating up the hill. The sequence shows them looking back regularly and then, finally, firing in unison at a state of 135 degrees and firing at the students.

Previous investigations, including one by the FBI, have suggested that the Guardsmen conspired after the event to say that they fired because they felt their lives were threatened. But Davies' study is the first to suggest that the fired and dispirited Guardsmen actually planned the shooting in advance.

The report is concentrated into four thick, bound volumes of correspondence which tie to hand

in Davies' office. "It's been very hard," he says, "but I'm a little more hopeful than I was two days ago before newspapers and television reported the investigation."

"We're not really interested in just seeing some Guardsmen thrown into prison," he says. "What we're seeking is a vindication—that this is not a state where a uniform is immunity."

The final decision on Davies' report will eventually be taken by Attorney General John Mitchell, possibly in consultation with President Nixon. It will not be an easy one. But Davies has been in America long enough to have turned a full degree of political scepticism.

"They may genuinely fear that an honest presentation of the facts would lead to indictments, and with an election coming up... Peter Davies shrugs and says no more."

Tito quits with a problem

JOSEF BROZ TITO will this Thursday resign the Presidency of the Republic of Yugoslavia, a job he has held since 1953, writes Stephen Fay, New York.

His resignation, which is being formally published but is being kept secret, is a recognition of his exceptional status. Tito will be named President for life immediately afterwards as Yugoslavia ratifies 20 new constitutional amendments.

These amendments, which are probably the most ambitious and extensive measures of decentralisation over undertaken by a modern state.

Paradoxically, it is to preserve the unity of the State after Tito's death that from now on each of Yugoslavia's six republics and two provinces will have almost complete autonomy. In theory, the central Government in Belgrade is being virtually dismantled; in future its main job will be to run the National Defence Force.

The Development Fund to see that poorer areas do not get left too far behind, but from now on each republic will be able to keep and spend on itself almost all its foreign exchange earnings. But grade will still make overall foreign policy, but any initiative and all new treaties will have to be approved by each of the eight regional Governments.

The amendments' scope is so wide that it is almost impossible to say how they will function. But there are clearly potential areas of conflict between the Party Presidium, the Federal Government and the new State Presidency, which will represent the republics on a federal level.

One purpose of the reforms is to cool nationalist ardours within the country's different regions. It is possible, however, that republics will develop at far more varied rates than before and thus increase differences within the State.

After Peking—a Nixon visit to Moscow?

HENRY BRANDON in Washington

THERE IS ample evidence here that President Nixon's bold policy on China has come as a shock to the Kremlin, but also that it is not going to adversely affect Soviet-American negotiations on some of the big issues now under discussion. The Soviets were upset by Mr Nixon's visit to Peking, but all is still far from sure on their side. But taking their cue from an old Russian proverb, they are waiting to count the chickens in autumn that were hatched in spring before concluding that the China trip was conceived as an anti-Soviet move. What has disturbed the White House about Soviet policy in the last year is, as the high official in the State Department put it, that "they seem to be on an imperialist upsurge at a time when the United States is shifting to retrenchment."

China, however, since it was discussed at the first time in the National Security Council meeting in the summer of 1969, is not seen as a military expansionist power.

Although it is considered unlikely here that something could lead to the cancellation of the visit, the Chinese are anxious to build up about it. It seems to engineer only a sense of realism about the obvious limitations of their first exchange. The fact that Chinese public was informed about the visit in very small doses is an indication of the ideological confusion and the internal political problems it has created.

It was clearly a far-reaching decision on the part of the Chinese leadership and proof of a willingness to pay an ideological price for the reopening of Sino-American relations. After all, by welcoming Nixon to Peking, they will to some extent acknowledge the imperiousness of the United States and its reputation as a revolutionary force which they have always emphasised, has made them the tone standard-bearers of Communism.

It is not surprising, therefore, that various Chinese officials are teaming their support for the strengthening of all the oppressed peoples and nations throughout the world" and their resolute backing for China's allies in Indo-China. "In their view, against aggression" as Vice-Premier Li Hsien-shan put it, this is a visit to the "people's revolution." The question which remains on Mr Nixon's mind, and no doubt also concerns the Kremlin, is whether China will seek to remain an ideologically revolutionary force or whether it will assume a more constructive role.

the need for a *modus vivendi* with China but they are highly suspicious of the manner and timing of Mr Nixon's China move and interpret it as a move to ensure on their side. But taking their cue from an old Russian proverb, they are waiting to count the chickens in autumn that were hatched in spring before concluding that the China trip was conceived as an anti-Soviet move. What has disturbed the White House about Soviet policy in the last year is, as the high official in the State Department put it, that "they seem to be on an imperialist upsurge at a time when the United States is shifting to retrenchment."

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relationship with the community now that its insular from outside realities come to an end.

Once the United States withdrew its troops from Vietnam—and Dr Kissinger has offered some assurance that the military problem between Washington and Peking will largely be removed. For all the problems of Taiwan (Formosa) remains, but mainly the form of that to do with membership in the United Nations, especially if Taiwan decides to fight for it. American policy makers, that the future of Taiwan will be solved by negotiation between the island and the mainland. That would be the United States of its commitment to defend the island.

Future Sino-American relations, will, therefore, depend on the extent to which the United States can reduce its doctrinaire attitude towards the United States towards others. This, in turn, will depend largely on political situation inside

INEVITABLY Mr Nixon's visit to China has led to repercussions in Japan. The Japanese, among other States allies in the Pacific, are, for instance, told a seriously concerned by the creeping pace of Japanese economic recovery. Japan would like to see Japan's very soon will surpass the United States' industrial production, assume a greater share in military burdens in the area. There are even some who fear that the United States will be reduced to a position of being a mere ally of Japan.

With his new China policy President has embarked on a diplomatic adventure which one of the many links—concept of how to stabilise the situation. The Nixon doctrine, restraint and gradual withdrawal from too advanced position of shifting some of the responsibilities for security to national forces, looks to me an intrinsic corollary to his fundamental concept that can be built only on the respect of each other's basic interests.

Quick on the draw

Rival State lotteries Channel Islands are offering £45,000 in prizes this week. £2,000 to £5,000, former top prize, while has announced two new with top prizes of £10,000.

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YEAR, 10 million will cross the el—paying £60 to do so. One of them all will August, by train, overcraft and Last weekend, six Times reporters cartoonist set out stigate 12 of the days of entering and Britain.

How the Common man goes into Europe (on Saturdays)

M. on the good ship bound from Southampton to Le Havre with a cargo of... the purser's office... full length on a... In bar, cafe... assorted empty spaces... vellers huddle beneath... rags.

ip is beginning to come... Sleepy figures emerge... bins, or unfold from... seats. One of the first... mipp, chairman of the... international Publishing... on.

crossing to Le Havre to... yacht, and is emphatic... kes the ferry. "I love... don't care if it turns... wn. I'd still enjoy it if... a slave ship to Africa... travellers take so... a view and some with... spoke emerged jaun... the crossing that gave... pp so much pleasure... the channel crossings... had, and several broad... rged from our experi... Victoria Station, and... Folkestone-Boulogne... ferry a miss unless you... ling without baggage... class might crossing on... train from Dunkirk to... leaves something to... and psychological hazards... in air terminals and... which it was the worst... the channel crossings... found that every work... shipping company whose... ve used, issued tickets... nditions designed to... own liability for mis... to an absurd extent... found some good things... the station restaurant... ne—and we found, at... the Channel need not... ous: financial barrier... to Ramsgate, hover to... it will only cost you... ferry crossing from... heather on the shore... or the longer voyage... costs only £3. Even... b from London, the... overcraft is only £3.25... g involving air trans... s dearer though the

routes tend to be longer than a mere flip across the Channel. First there are the scheduled services, and for the purposes of our inquiry we treated the London-Paris flights as Channel crossings. BEA and Air France charge £12.90 (with about 90p extra for buses) and hopefullly take you terminal to terminal in 2hr 40min (actually, in our case, 3hr 0min).

Then there is coach-air. Skyways take you by coach to Ashford in Kent, fly you to Beauvais and finish the journey with another coach to Paris. It takes 3hr longer and costs £8.25 all-in—still a reasonable bargain though rather more than the "three days in Paris for a fiver" the same firm is hoping to offer from this winter.

The third method we considered was Silver Arrow. This is train to Gatwick, plane to Le Touquet, train to Paris. It should be one hour faster than coach-air (though it wasn't) and at £10.10 costs £1.35 more.

Our reporters left London on July 17 and returned the following day. As well as the three air routes, we used car and passenger ferries, sailing by day between eight ports and at night between four. We travelled to France on the Dover-Boulogne hovercraft and came back on its Calais-Ramsgate rival.

We found conditions good on the most traditional crossing of all, the Dover-Calais passenger ferry. Unfortunately, the journey began, as so many journeys do, at London's Victoria Station.

ARRIVING THERE to join the crowds on Saturday morning we saw great heaps of rubbish swelling beneath the few packed benches. Made up of newspapers, plastic cups, packaging of many

kinds, banana skins, orange peel and less identifiable matter, the murky impacted mounds oozed drips of coffee and orange drinks. Our reporter returning on Sunday night spoke of sidestepping gobbets of phlegm and tides of litter.

British Rail admit they have a problem. "It's a moving-eating type of traffic," said a spokesman. They don't know how to stop the people dumping rubbish, and they don't know any way of getting round with their big vacuum cleaners when the station is packed. Brooms? "They can't compete with the volume."

Victoria is also a paradise for queue-lovers. Ours began to form an hour or so before the train was due to leave and soon he

came interwoven with the spectacular queue at the bureau de change. The atmosphere was pure refugee camp: luggage trolleys piled high with suitcases, children and black-clad grannies.

MERCIFULLY, the train was clean and bore us swiftly through orchards and headlands to Dover, where we were welcomed aboard the Invicta, a sturdy vessel which took part in the Normandy invasion.

The Invicta is British and a Sealink ship—this is the name under which British, French and Belgian rail operate at sea. Her crew was thoroughly good natured despite a crowd of 1,183 passengers (maximum number 1,500). "Come the end of September," said one of the stewards cheerfully, "you begin to hate the sight of them. Can't help it."

The deck of the Invicta was soon packed with people and their belongings, though there was plenty of room in the luggage racks below. Panic thought: How could the crew leap to the lifeboats in an emergency? And all the emergency instructions we could see were displayed in English only.

Service kept roughly in pace with demand, even where duty-free goods were on sale. Only the bureau de change operated by Cooks was patently inadequate. On a sample of one, it took 22 minutes to change £10.

Nobody could reasonably imagine that a ship dedicated to moving large numbers of people a short way at frequent intervals would be luxurious, but the Invicta was agreeable enough in her way. If only the same could be said of the St Patrick, another British ship which does a day-time crossing from Boulogne to Folkestone.

Though younger than the Invicta, she wore a look of desolate old age. Travellers peeped beneath her skirts at their own peril.

Her "general lounge" turned out to be an abandoned space at the bottom of an endless series of companionways. Its portholes were shut and the lights were out. The walls were hung about with bunks, some of them drooping at crazy angles. Coat hooks were torn away from the walls, paint flaking.

One deck nearer the sky was the cafeteria, a dismal and claustrophobic refuge, decorated largely

in cream and brown. In the bar a steward, asked for wine, replied: "We have ginger wine, then there's sherry or Dubonnet or Martini..."

Despite the good-humour of the returning holiday-makers, no one seemed to have much of a soft spot for the St Patrick—except for those who had made the journey to France in the Maid of Orleans. "Call this shabby?" said one. "You ought to have been with us on the Maid."

British Rail say that both the Invicta and the St Patrick are due for replacement next year. Meanwhile, the St Patrick will be coping with this year's August rush.

EXCEPT that the dining room was far too small for the throngs its excellent meals attracted, conditions were fine on the Valenciennes, a six-year-old French ship working the Dieppe-Newhaven run. The sea came off distinctly worse than the passengers on this crossing. Streaming in her wake the Valenciennes left cardboard boxes, tin cans, beer bottles and assorted rubbish some of this no doubt making for the very beaches to which she was carrying holiday-makers.

Of the overnight crossings, Dunkirk-Dover showed most emphatically the advantages of wealth or an expense account. Travelling first class from Paris to London by sleeper for £17.50 you never leave the train, which is fed like a sausage straight into the ship's belly.

But our reporter, a second-class passenger for £7.55, was evicted from her compartment to wander dazed on to the St Patrick. One of the officers offered her a drink in his cabin. Hard-pressed, she pleaded seasickness. He drew a very elaborate diagram to prove she was at the most stable point aboard.

The problems were quite different the night crossing from Southampton to Le Havre by the Townsend Thoresen ship Viking 1. Our reporter was summoned to the purser's office and asked to show his credentials.

So you are writing about my ship? "You know the expression la plume de ma tante. Well, ma tante doesn't like it."

The cafeteria and duty free shop closed at 12.15 a.m., only an hour and a quarter after the ship set sail. The bar, they said, would stay open on request. It was closed by 1.15 and didn't open again despite our requests. But the staff were otherwise helpful, providing seasick pills at 3 a.m. and 4p compensation when warm water came out of the hot-drinks machine instead of chocolate.

Sleeping arrangements on this ship and on the Normandy line ferry Dragon seemed patchy. There are cabins, couchettes and reclining seats on both, but not enough to cater for everybody on a crowded run—hence the uneasy slumbering figures in the public rooms of the Viking. We could not find any passengers who had slept more than three or four hours—even though many of them were planning a long day's drive in France.

Ports, of course, are almost as important as ships. Some channel ports turned out to be a nightmare, particularly for anyone with small children or heavy luggage.

INSIGHT CONSUMER UNIT

motors? see pages 12 & 13



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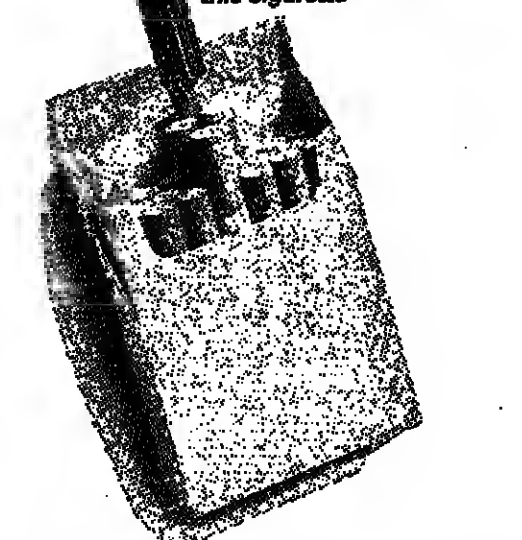
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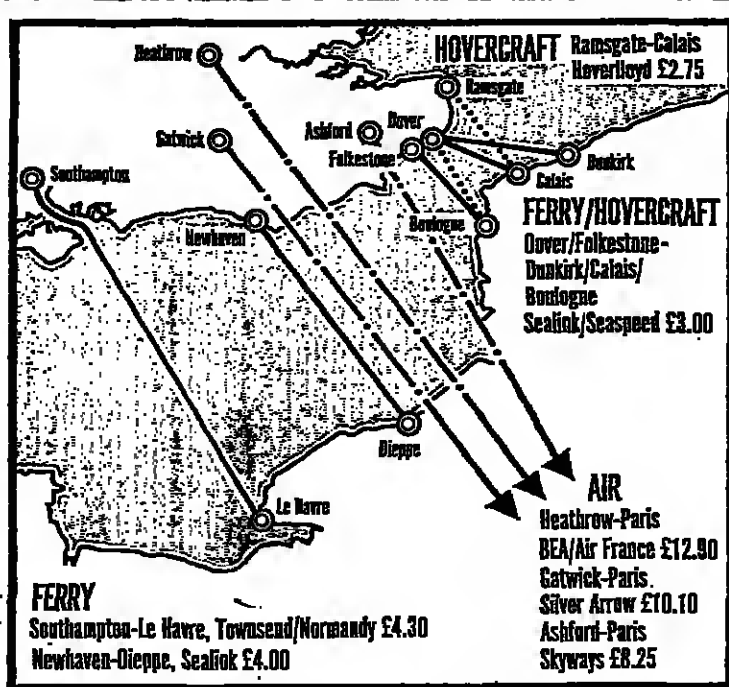
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Our reporter landing at Dover from the train ferry at 6 am couldn't find a porter and had to walk what seemed to be about a quarter of a mile through narrow passages.

Paradoxically, if you arrive by train at Dover to catch the passenger ferry, you are whisked through customs and on board with only yards to walk.

Folkestone was perhaps the most tiresome point of arrival. There were numerous porters on Sunday afternoon. Many innocent travellers thought they could do without. How were they to know that reaching the customs sheds would turn out to be like crossing the Sahara carrying your camel?

The horror of this long shuffle,

watching, a popular weekend pastime.

Our reporter, like many passengers, was new to hovercraft and found the sensations more stimulating than restful. "When it is ready to go it roars a bit," she said, "then rises slowly from its recumbent position rather like an elephant which suddenly stands up and wobbles you twelve feet into the air." But even on the calmest of calm days she found the motion uncomfortable, like lying in a bumpy aircraft with lots of noise and vibration.

Hovercraft are like airplanes in other ways. You sit strapped into your seat, the craft must carry a "permit to fly" from the Department of Trade and Industry. The hover terminals at Ramsgate and Calais bear a distinct relationship to air terminals, but with less of the overwhelming, maze-like character.

OUR REPORTER AT GATWICK spoke of a kind of spatial inertia "strongest, it seemed among inexperienced travellers." The moment people entered the Gatwick pleasure dome, he said, "they splayed out, slowed down and murmured to each other, obviously dazzled by the mass of notices." The public address system was only really clear in the lavatory.

The wander quotient was high at Orly, too, and at Heathrow the sense of being processed like the proverbial bean can was powerful. But BEA's hushed service and Air France's lavender sachets took out much of the sting.

With time in hand, though, there's a lot to be said for smaller airports where the passenger retains more sense of his own identity. Le Touquet—on the Silver Arrow train-plane trip—was agreeable enough though the service reached Paris an hour and 20 minutes late. Best of all

was Lympne airport at Ashford in Kent on the Skyways run to Paris. Here travellers sunbathed amid flowers and formalities were fast and informal. (But on this and the scheduled air routes, why were the French coaches so superior?)

As for duty-free shops, they are to be found on all routes and are almost guaranteed to awake the acquisitive urge, whether or not you smoke, drink and wear perfume. It seems likely that a large proportion of the ferry operators' steady profits derive from the duty-free shops. An analysis of prices suggests that in general you get better value at airports. Benson and Hedges cigarettes, for example, were £1.35 at Heathrow and Gatwick, £1.36 at Orly. On Sealink, Thoresen and Normandy ferries, the cost £1.60. Brandy was the joker, emerging vastly more expensive at the airports.

Far more important, it seemed to us, were the conditions under which tickets were issued. Airlines follow the Warsaw Convention which limits their liability to a fixed sum which is not exactly generous but at least exists.

The shippers excluded as much liability as they could—though two of them managed to cloud the issue by referring the ticket holder to a secondary source to discover his rights. British Rail sent us to the pages of the International Travel Booklet—obtainable at Victoria after queuing for ten minutes. British Rail, it turns out, holds themselves responsible for the



seaworthiness and proper manning of their vessels, while excluding their liability for any subsequent "neglect or default" and for "injury (fatal or otherwise)."

Townsend Thoresen's conditions also have to be specially asked for and again the exclusion clauses are wide.

The Normandy ticket, on the other hand, makes it quite clear that the company "shall not be liable for the death, or injury, damage, loss, delay or accident to passengers, their apparel or baggage, whatsoever, where-ever, howsoever caused and whether by negligence of their servants or agents or by unseaworthiness of the vessel."

It goes on to say that a passenger actually agrees to indemnify Normandy Ferries for all claims "emanating from the accompanied vehicle" and whether or not the claims are due to "the wrongful act neglect or default of Normandy Ferries or its servants or agents."

In our view, the first thing the Channel passengers need is a change in this curious legal situation.

The next thing is the Channel tunnel.



Mr. Barber's bargain offer for expatriate Englishmen.

If you're going abroad, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would like you to leave Britain on the best of terms.

So he is offering you a Ford car free of tax, tailor-made for almost any country in the world.

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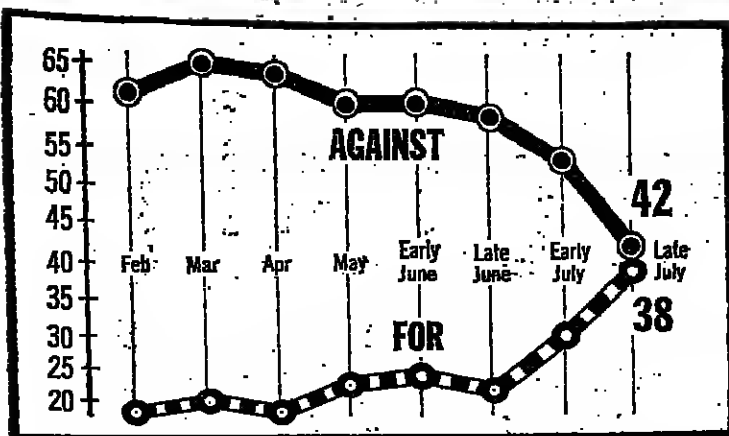


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Champagne launches swing to the Six

THE SWING of public support towards Common Market entry, long hoped for by the Government, is under way writes Peter Kellner. Since the successful conclusion of the negotiations a month ago in Luxembourg, a three-to-one majority opposing entry has all but evaporated. The chart above shows what has happened; it is a "poll of polls" drawing on surveys by the four main polling organisations—Gallup, National Opinion Polls, Opinion Research Centre and the Harris Poll.

The pattern is unmistakable. During spring, while the negotiations were going on, public opinion barely shifted. Only after the champagne celebration in Luxembourg between Mr Rippon and Mr Schumann, in the early hours of June 23, marking final agreement, did the swing start. By the time the White Paper on

the terms of entry appeared on July 7, opposition to entry was down to two-to-one against. In the past fortnight this trend in public opinion has accelerated.

Even if future polls show a stabilisation of opinion, the Government must be pleased at what its public relations exercise has already achieved. But there is a disturbing aspect to the issue. In the past five years, public opinion, as charted by the polls, has oscillated between margins of 46 per cent in favour of entry and 54 per cent against. The cause could be either real volatility in opinion, or the inability of polls to chart subtle changes in public feelings with blunt yes/no questions. Either way, there is no need yet for either the pro- or anti-marketiers to stop trying to present a convincing case.

The night the backbiting had to stop

PEACE of a kind came to the Labour Party at 6.30 pm last Wednesday when 15 members of the Shadow Cabinet assembled for a routine meeting in Harold Wilson's room at the House of Commons.

Why Mr Wilson and his colleagues pledged themselves to secrecy about the happy outcome of the meeting remains a mystery.

The Times reported on Thursday morning: "An unusually long meeting of the Shadow Cabinet, excited speculation at Westminster. Members of the Shadow Cabinet were (as some of them put it) 'tight-lipped' about what had kept them so long at what is normally a routine meeting to consider the Government's programme for the next week's business."

Officially Mr Wilson and his colleagues explain that they had a lengthy discussion about improved research facilities for members of the Opposition front bench, although some Shadow ministers coyly admitted that

this was not the subject that kept them sitting so long.

The subject that kept them was this: at the end of the routine business about research and allied topics, Jim Callaghan raised under "any other business" the crisis engulfing the Party. Assuming a worldly-wise, above-the-battle, benevolent posture, he drew attention to what he discerned as a wholesale Fleet Street campaign designed to plunge Labour into an artificially-created leadership crisis.

There were the venomous attacks on Harold Wilson in headlines and leading articles, the spate of "little men" columnists, and commentators with their barrage of poisonings. To Mr Callaghan it all added up to the worst example of Fleet Street's "harlot role of power without responsibility" for nearly 40 years.

Mr Callaghan warned the Shadow Ministers that, unless they took a grip on themselves, Fleet Street could cause a disastrous split.

The Callaghan initiative for peace warmed the Shadow Cabinet's hearts. At the centre of the table Harold Wilson, exposed to enormous strains recently, commented on the unprincipled Press campaign to distort the leadership's role, a campaign of vilification which had its effect on the Parliamentary Party.

Roy Jenkins responded by acknowledging that his own speech to the Parliamentary Labour Party on Monday had been misinterpreted and wanted to acquiesce Party divisions and strife.

Two influential Shadow Ministers of the centre—Tony Crosland and Ted Short—then combined in a joint exercise to appeal for more responsibility and restraint to prevent the Party tearing itself to pieces just because of "over-excitability Press reporting."

It fell to George Thomson to make one of the most decisive contributions to peace and goodwill. Mr Thomson had been coming under withering fire from



Jenkins—misinterpreted?

Thomson—misunderstood?

the critics for starting Labour's civil war because he was first to assert that he would have recommended accepting the Heath terms.

He was impressive, solid and conciliatory. He stuck to his opinion but regretted any embarrassment caused to his colleagues whose contrary views on the Market he respected. He confessed his sorrow at the way in which his personal judgment, which committed nobody but

obviously felt that he had been betrayed by Wilson.

So to Monday night's meeting, the last of a long series arranged to enable the Parliamentary Party to debate the Market Party, it had been planned several weeks before.

A few hours suggested to Mrs Castle that the batting order should be reversed and that she

deputy leadership, however, still time wheeling and dealing come November, crucial Market vote may withdraw to Wedgwood Benn or V a straight fight.

The next night—Tuesday—Wilson threw his caution to the winds and called the most intemperate of his speeches. He has reacted to the conspir of politics, and was persuaded that a sinist afoot to overthrow the picture of a leader lost his nerve and was scared.

JAMES MARGACH

himself, had been exploited by the Tories and Fleet Street to harry Mr Wilson and other leaders.

Shirley Williams and Harold Lever lined up and, while not retreating one step from their Market faith, deplored the ballooning of the issue into a leadership crisis. All pledged their personal loyalty to Harold Wilson.

So the ranks were miraculously closed with a formula that enabled sincerely-held views to be sincerely expressed. Roy Jenkins publicly gave expression to the Shadow Cabinet view in the Commons on Thursday when he appealed for the great debate to continue on the principles and issues but not on personalities.

IT WAS 48 hours before this peace-making Shadow Cabinet session that civil war almost broke out.

To get the feel of what happened at the Parliamentary Labour Party meeting last Monday night, we must start with two basic facts. First, Harold Wilson never told Roy Jenkins, his Deputy Leader, what he intended to say in his tough anti-Market speech at the special Labour conference last Saturday. Jenkins, in consequence, was left stunned on the platform. And two days later Roy Jenkins never condoned to Harold Wilson in advance anything about his pro-Market speech to the Parliamentary Party on Monday night.

Wilson, in consequence, reacted with unexpected anger and recrimination. He had been convinced that his speech at the Party conference provided the perfect formula for uniting the Party and enabling Roy Jenkins to get off his hook. But Jenkins

should open the innings. Mrs Castle is not easily persuaded. She was suspicious about Jenkins' wish to give her the same setting role. She dug her heels in the arrangement, was, she argued, that she would wind up, and wind up she would. Sorry, but let's play to the rules.

Mr Jenkins is not readily diverted from his objectives. Sorry, but he would invoke his seniority and precedence as Deputy Leader. Deadlock. At a hurriedly-summoned meeting of the Shadow Cabinet only 43 minutes before the meeting it was ruled that Castle would open and Jenkins wind up. And, attempting to play it cool, made a speech that sounded long and dull by comparison with the brilliance of Jenkins'. And one could see that the Jenkins-Castle axis, once so effective in the Cabinet, was finally destroyed.

Mr Jenkins was in great oratorical form, but it was perhaps unfortunate that the last quarter of his speech was regarded by critics as a thinly disguised attack on Harold Wilson. Jenkins' final passage was followed by an outburst of tumultuous ecstasy among his supporters, with thumping of desks, stamping of feet, and starchy-eyed emotion. The anti-Market demonstration was a bit too well-synchronised and disciplined to be either spontaneous or accidental. In short, they thought it was a Jenkins rally and some bitter feuding and fighting ensued.

Instinctively the Left decided that "Jenkins the Split" would in future have to fight all the way. Michael Foot decided to challenge Mr Jenkins for the

So, notwithstanding sneers he suffers credibility over the Wilson is dead as he places his top party unity.

How long can the Jim Callaghan return of the great peace-maker day, pleading for Mr Wilson and calling one to beat of the P

Mr Michael Foot on Friday his Deputy Leadership avoided personalising But Mr Foot and his try to pin on those M the three-line whip t bility for splitting the

At the end of a Mr Wilson should fort in the knowled has nothing to fear self. Mr Jenkins h and no chance to ch leadership.

John Stevas, who is elderly choirboy, ast House with the news been a European for a century. He was, amazingly "well pre

But what was the "don't know" on the War Europe "the i of Mr Heath's vision what the Scottish N described as "not trading combine, livi in each other's machines"?

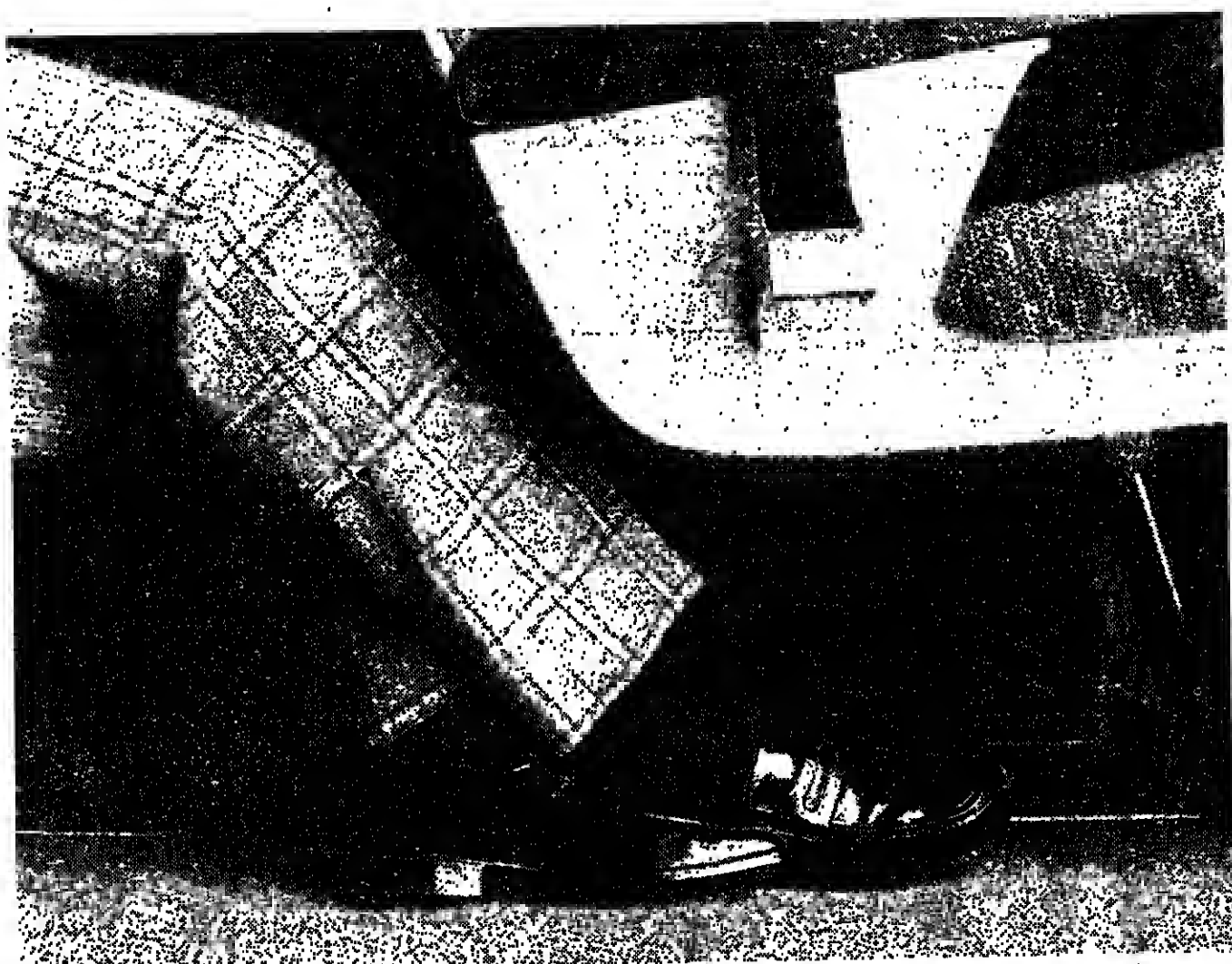
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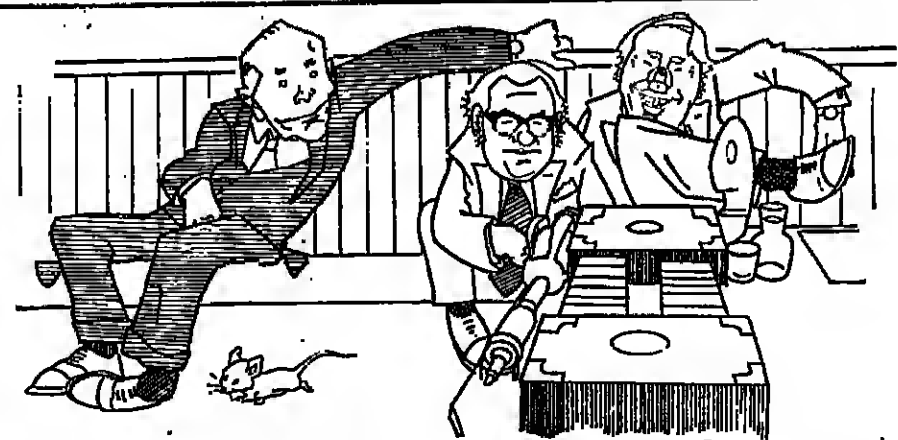


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Where was the Great Debate?

By Lewis Chester

UNACUSTOMED as I am to covering public speaking I found myself in the House of Commons last week for the first three days of "The Great Debate" on entry into Europe.

It was thought that I had exactly the right combination of non-skills for the job, being one of that tiny group of reporters who are "don't knows" on Europe, and who have never seen a Parliamentary debate before.

I still don't know about Europe, but I do know what the mystery of Government, by the outsider the most un-nerving feature of the Great Debate was absence for most of the time of a good 80 per cent. of the 600-odd potential great debaters.

As it was a week for libbing statistics about, I assembled a few of my own. It all started with a tolerably full house, but by the time the third speaker, Mr Jeremy Thorpe, was half way through his address my census figures showed: 25 on the Opposition benches, 40 on the Government side. By nine o'clock on Day Two, I made it 11 Labour and 26 Conservatives.

The numbers bucked up appreciably for star performers like Roy Jenkins and Wedgwood Benn, but Day Three rarely got over the 100 mark. I would average it around 60, of whom at least a third would spring smartly to their feet after each speech in an attempt to catch Mr Speaker's eye. It was hard to avoid a suspicion that their presence was motivated more by a desire to get a word in edgewise than any wish to hear their colleagues out.

On my way to Day One, I knew from my newspaper there was a ghastly vent in the Labour leadership. Yet down there on the Opposition Front Bench there was renegade Roy Jenkins sprawled easily and amiably beside hapless Harold Wilson. They looked the image of old pals.

On Day Two, my advance copy of the New Statesman had Richard Crossman denouncing Mr Jenkins' "betrayal", and demanding his resignation from that cosy Front Bench in the interests of party unity. Now I remembered Mr Crossman's contribution during the great Parliamentary debate, very well. During

his leader's opening address I observed him going through at least a dozen crossings of arms and legs before appearing to fall asleep. Perhaps at the very moment when he looked most innocent, the barbed leader writer phrases were forming in his mind.

By Day Three, of course, I was beginning to penetrate the mystery. The chamber of House of Commons is where MPs come for therapeutic relief after the private battles away from the public eye. There was no real point in looking for turning-points in the Movements of opinion happened elsewhere. The thing to do was just sit back and enjoy a good show.

The heat of battle brought a confession from the Foreign Secretary, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, that his ancestors made a nice living out of rustling English cattle before they achieved respectability under the common market created by the Act of Union. There was Wedgwood Benn, Labour's technology supremo, admitting that on the subject of nuclear reactors, the supersonic planes and computers there was nothing he could tell a 13-year-old that he didn't know already. There was Norman St

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Pays you £150.00 a month tax-free in cash whenever you have to stay in hospital

What a blessing it is when you know you have £150.00 in cash coming in every month when you have to go into hospital. You get your £150.00 a month in cash—tax free—as long as you are confined in hospital. You are covered from the very first day for accidents and sickness—*even for life*, if necessary!

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PAYS £150.00 a month in cash for each accident or illness which puts you in hospital. Coverage for accidents begins at once. After your policy is in effect for 30 days, you are covered immediately for all sicknesses that originate thereafter.

PAYS £150.00 a month in cash regardless of age, even when you're 65 or over—and even for life. And, of course, you collect your benefits from the very first day you are in hospital, whether for sickness or accident.

PAYS £150.00 a month in cash if a child covered by the policy goes into hospital through injury or illness. Coverage begins the very first day in hospital. And the benefits continue for as long as necessary.

PAYS £600.00 a month in cash in hospital when both husband and wife are in hospital at the same time for accidental injury for as long as both remain in hospital—and covers you even for life, if necessary.

PAYS up to £1,000.00 in cash for complete accidental loss of limbs or eyesight.

Double Cash Accident Benefit

If you and your insured wife are in hospital at the same time for an accident injury, this EXTRA CASH PLAN pays you an extraordinary double cash benefit. You receive not £150.00 but £300.00 a month. Your wife receives not £150.00 but £300.00 a month. That's £600.00 in cash payments every month, starting the day you enter the hospital for as long as you both remain there.

Pays you up to £1,000.00 in cash for these accidental losses

The accidental loss of limbs or eyesight can be terrible. But if such loss occurs any time within 90 days of the accident, you collect £500.00 for the complete loss of a hand or a foot or the sight of an eye—and £1,000.00 for loss of two limbs or the sight of both eyes.

Waiver of premium benefit

Should you—the policyowner—be in hospital for 8 consecutive weeks or more, this London & Edinburgh

EXTRA CASH PLAN will pay all premiums that come due for you and all Enrolled Members of your family while you are confined to hospital beyond the initial 8-week period. And your protection continues just the same as if you were paying the premiums yourself. This means you pay no premiums, yet your full protection remains in force for as long as you are in hospital.

These are the ONLY exclusions!

Your London & Edinburgh plan covers every kind of sickness or accident except conditions caused by: war or any act of war; any mental disease, illness or disorder; pregnancy, miscarriage or childbirth; abortion; your being intoxicated or under the influence of any narcotic unless administered on the advice of a doctor, and any sickness or injury you had before the Effective Date of your policy... during the first 2 years only.

You may be surprised to learn that we will actually issue this policy to you even if you have a health problem right now, and even if it's a serious one. Yes it's true! If you are sick before you take out this policy, you will even be covered for that condition after the policy has been in effect for 2 years. Meanwhile, of course, every new condition is covered.

Fills the gap in State Benefits

London & Edinburgh now offers you this remarkable plan that has swept the United States, because we firmly believe that the protection it offers will be equally welcomed by the British public. You can judge how popular this plan is in the United States from the fact that just one U.S. insurance company is issuing new policies at the rate of one million a year. That's why we are convinced, as we are sure you will be, that it really does fill the big gaps that exist in State benefits, BUPA or other private insurance schemes.

Act now to assure the fastest possible coverage

As soon as we receive your Enrolment Form we will rush your policy to you by First Class Post. When your policy arrives, examine it in the privacy of your own home. You'll be pleasantly surprised to see there is no "small print". Show it, if you wish, to your bank manager, accountant, solicitor, doctor, or some other trusted adviser.

Here are your premiums

The following premium chart shows how little it costs after the first month to enrol yourself, your wife and any dependant. Simply add the monthly premium which applies to each adult in each age bracket and the sum is the monthly premium payable for the total coverage. Naturally at these rates, we can issue only one policy of this type for each group.

Members under the age of 18 covered by their parents' or guardians' policy will be protected under their own policy (regardless of their health) when they reach 18 at the rate then in effect for their age group.

Age	Monthly Premium
0-17	£0.90
18-39	1.50
40-54	1.90
55-64	2.30
65-74	2.90
75-84	3.90
85 and Over	4.90

NOTE: The regular monthly premium shown here (for age at time of enrolment) will not automatically increase as you pass from one age bracket to the next! Once you have enrolled in this London & Edinburgh EXTRA CASH PLAN, the only way we can change your premium is if we change it for all policies of this type. It has nothing whatever to do with how much or how often you collect from us or your advancing age.

Act NOW — "later" may be too late! Just 10p covers you and your family for first month

Time is precious! Act quickly. (No salesman will call.) Get your Enrolment Form into the post *today*—because once you suffer an accident or sickness, it's too late to buy protection at any cost. That's why we urge you to act today—before anything unexpected happens.

Your questions answered about this EXTRA CASH PLAN

Q 1. How much will I be paid when I go into hospital?

A You will receive cash at the rate of £150.00 a month (£5.00 a day). And you collect in cash for an accident or illness even if you're in hospital for only one day. And benefits are paid in full for as long as you're in hospital... even for life.

Q 2. Do you pay me in cash when my children go to hospital?

A Yes we do! You collect in cash at the full monthly rate whenever any of your enrolled children (age 1 month to 17 years) go into hospital.

Q 3. When do I start to collect hospital benefits?

A This new plan covers you from the very first day for accidents. After your policy is in effect for 30 days, you are covered immediately for all sicknesses that originate thereafter—even for life, if necessary! Payments are made direct to the policyowner. Since we provide lifetime benefits, this 30 day qualifying period enables us to give you broad coverage at a lower cost than would otherwise be possible.

Q 4. What if my wife and I are injured in an accident and go into hospital at the same time?

A You both receive DOUBLE payment if this happens. Yes, this plan pays you benefits at the rate of not £150.00 but £300.00 but £600.00 in cash every month—for as long as both of you remain in the hospital—even for life.

Q 5. Are there any other cash benefits I can collect?

A We pay you £500.00 in cash for complete loss of one hand or one foot or sight of one eye as the result of an accident, and £1,000.00 in cash for loss of both hands or both feet or sight of both eyes—even if it happens as long as 90 days after the accident.

Q 6. Will you pay me in addition to what I receive from other health plans?

A Of course we will! That's the beauty of your London & Edinburgh plan. No matter what benefits you receive from National Health or private health plans, we will pay you cash benefits at the rate of £150.00 a month—even for life. So even if other insurance has taken care of all your medical bills... you still have that tax-free cash income from this London & Edinburgh EXTRA CASH PLAN. Isn't that a nice way to end an illness?

Q 7. How can I use my cash benefits?

A Use the money any way you choose. Use it to pay for living expenses like rent, food, clothing. Or put it in the bank to replace any income you lost during your stay in hospital. Or use it to provide the comforts and amenities in hospital such as television, private room, which are often just as important to recovery as good medical care. Remember that the money is paid to you to use as you feel best.

Q 8. Suppose I'm in hospital for a long time and can't meet my premium payments?

A If you—the policyowner—are in hospital for eight consecutive weeks or more, London & Edinburgh EXTRA CASH PLAN will pay all premiums that come due for you and all Enrolled Members of your family while you are confined to the hospital beyond this initial eight-week period. This includes all premiums—for every Enrolled Member. Even if you are in for months, a year—for life. Thanks to the Waiver of Premium feature in your policy, we pay all premiums for you as long as you are in hospital. You simply go right on collecting your full £150.00 a month cash benefits just as if you were paying the premiums yourself.

Q 9. Now tell me, what's the "catch"—what doesn't my Policy cover?

A Your policy covers everything except conditions caused by: war or any act of war; any mental disease, illness or disorder; pregnancy, miscarriage or childbirth; abortion; your being intoxicated or under the influence of any narcotic unless administered on the advice of a doctor; any illness or injury you had before the Effective Date of your policy—but even this last "exclusion" is done away with after you've been a policyholder for only two years. Everything else is definitely covered.

Q 10. Does this plan pay in any hospital?

A You are covered for care in any hospital of your choice, with the exception of military hospitals and non-registered nursing and convalescent facilities.

Q 11. What are the requirements to enrol in this plan?

A You must not have been refused or had cancelled any health, hospital or life insurance due to reasons of health; and you must fill in and post the enrolment form with your first month's premium of 10p.

Q 12. Will you cancel my policy if I have too many claims? Or because of advanced age?

A No—positively not! Only you can cancel. The Company cannot—no matter how many claims you have... how old you become... or for any other reason whatsoever. A Guaranteed-Renewable-for-Life clause has been printed right in your policy, and we're bound by it.

Q 13. Besides saving money—are there any other advantages to joining this plan?

A Yes, a very important one is that you don't need to complete a lengthy, detailed application—just the brief Enrolment Form in the corner of this page. It doesn't ask for a medical examination, and it doesn't set an age limit. Also, there are no extra requirements for eligibility, and no "waivers" or restrictive endorsements that can be put on your policy!

Q 14. Are my benefits truly tax-free?

A Yes, since the concessionary practice of the Inland Revenue is not to tax insurance benefits for up to one year of hospital confinement.

Q 15. How do I apply?

A Fill out the brief Enrolment Form and post it with just 10p for the first month's protection for your entire family.

SEND ONLY 10p Here's all you do to receive your policy:

1 Complete this brief Enrolment Form.

2 Cut out along dotted line and post.

OFFICIAL ENROLMENT FORM

LONDON & EDINBURGH GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

Pembroke House, 44 Wellesley Road, Croydon, CR9 3QN. Telephone: 01-686 0837/8/9.

for the EXTRA CASH PLAN

B-1251-01

Name (Please Print) MR. MRS. Christian Name(s) Surname
MISS

Address

Date of Birth Day Month Year Male ☐ Female ☐

Occupation

List all dependants to be covered under this Plan: (DO NOT include name that appears above. Use separate sheet if necessary.)

Name (Please Print)	Relationship	Sex	Date of Birth		
			Day	Month	Year
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2					
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I hereby enrol in London & Edinburgh's EXTRA CASH PLAN and am enclosing the first month's premium to cover myself and all other Enrolled Members listed above. Neither I, nor, to the best of my knowledge and belief, any other person listed above has been refused or had cancelled any health, hospital or life insurance coverage due to reasons of health. I understand that this Policy will become effective when issued and that pre-existing health and accident conditions will be covered after two years.

Signature Date

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

We will send your London & Edinburgh EXTRA CASH PLAN policy by post. Examine it carefully in the privacy of your own home. Show it, if you wish, to your bank manager, accountant, solicitor, doctor or some other trusted adviser. If you decide, for any reason, that you don't want to continue as a member of this plan, return the policy within 15 days of the date you receive it, and we will promptly refund your money. Meanwhile, you will be fully protected while making your decision!

John W. Dennis
Managing Director
London & Edinburgh General Insurance Company Ltd.



LONDON & EDINBURGH
GENERAL INSURANCE CO. LTD.

Pembroke House, 44 Wellesley Road,
Croydon CR9 3QN, Tel: 01-686 0837/8/9.

SPECTRUM

TRAVEL

Hotels check out of register scheme

NOBODY KNOWS how many hotels there are in Britain. Ask for the number of clubs, cinemas, chemists, betting shops, and somebody will come up with an answer. But not, despite the huge boom in tourism with seven million visitors expected this year and 10 million in 1973, for hotels. To make things worse, nobody is even agreed on what a hotel is. A foreigner may consider the word to be international, and to imply certain standards—as well as the certainty of a bed. Only he will discover that many English "hotels" are boarding houses (something which he would call a "pension") and never confuse with a hotel. And he will find that other "hotels" are pubs, without beds.

To clear matters up—and the English hotel system is, by any Continental comparison, in a state of near anarchy—the English Tourist Board came out with some simple sounding suggestions last week. The Board advocated the registration and classification of tourist accommodation, together with notification of prices.

This was enough to raise bowls of protest for many hoteliers. Lord Geddes, who is not a hotelier but is president of the British Hotels and Restaurants Association, attacked the proposals as "a lot of bureaucratic nonsense." He said they would be of little value to the tourist and "positively counter-productive as far as the hotel industry is concerned." How a register of hotels, with rough classifications and clear evidence of maximum and minimum prices, could fail to help a tourist in a strange city is something few average travellers may understand. Only people who, presumably like Lord Geddes himself, stay at internationally-known hotels whenever they travel would not benefit from a register.

Mr Hugh Wootton, chairman of the Savoy, says that "I cannot see that the registration of hotels would serve any purpose. To spend a very large sum, presumably out of public funds, to carry out this work does not seem sensible to me." It may seem touching for the Savoy to be so concerned with the average British taxpayer.

It is also clear that the Board's suggestions are far less sweeping than rules that are already in force in most European countries.

It would merely like to see hotels registered; classified by practical standards like the ratio of bathrooms to bedrooms (and not by quality, which would involve the personal judgments of a host of inspectors); and making their prices available to the consumer.

French rules are complex. Grades are designated from one to four and on to "luxury." Lifts are required for class two hotels over four stories high, for class three hotels over three stories, for class four over two stories—and for luxury hotels with even one level above ground. Class one hotels need a telephone booth to meet the minimum. Class three and up must have phones with external lines in every room. Soundproofing, size of rooms and bars, even lighting are also regulated.

The system could degenerate into a bureaucratic farce if the rules are enforced on a slide rule basis. London's Sonesta Tower, for example, could fail to get into the luxury class in France because its single rooms are small—but the French offset this against the size of public rooms and other amenities.

The English Tourist Board would have to be equally flexible. Given this hotel and restaurant guide publisher Egon Ronay says that "registration is essential. We know the demand, and we know how it is likely to grow. But we do not know the supply. We must know there are certain basic amenities which any establishment calling itself a hotel must have—if it does not have them it should not get on the register, and if it lets them slip it should be struck off."

Mr Ronay also thinks that England should follow foreign practice in having prices, including service and any other hidden extras, hung in every bedroom. But he does point out that any interlinking between prices and quality could be "deadly." Italian experience, where price largely determines category, shows that better class hotels are penalised by higher taxes and staff costs.

The result is that hotels all aim to be at the maximum end of the price range of their category. Only those who are not weighed against luxury hotels in this country, rateable values and so forth almost certainly would.

The BHRA's stand against registration is short-sighted and, in fact, many hotels agree with the BHRA's proposals. Including, ironically, the Hilton and the Sonesta Tower, both of which could be downgraded if a slide rule foreign approach was taken. The amount of fuss it is making over this necessary step is obscuring the real long-term damage to British hotels—a chronic and increasing shortage of staff.

Brian Moynahan

ROADS

Mr Walker's bridge safety:

A waste of our time

FIVE WEEKS ago Mr Peter Walker, Secretary of State for the Environment, announced that he was restricting traffic on 42 road-bridges throughout Britain by closing one lane and closing the other to lorries on a one-way basis. He was doing this, he said, because he felt that investigations by the Merrison Committee on steel box girder bridges had revealed a very slight risk of post construction defect.

It seemed a sound move, and the restrictions are still in force, with red and white cones diverting three-lane traffic into two lanes, and lorries on to the one-way bridge. But what Mr Walker did not add—and perhaps did not even realise—is that by closing the bridge lanes the load on the bridges was being increased, rather than decreased in all but the most exceptional circumstances.

The flow of cars and lorries along a motorway has no simple mathematical pattern, simply because each driver has his own ideas on safe speeds, braking distances, and comfort. But the average pattern has been studied by the Road Research Laboratory, and for long rural stretches of motorway, where most of the suspected box girder bridges occur, the way in which vehicles move is accurately predictable. All the figures which follow come from the RRL's own data.

The average speed along a motorway depends on the number of cars on it. Once this critical limit is reached, 2,800 vehicles per hour. Over this figure maximum speeds fall steadily, until at 4,000 vehicles an hour the maximum likely speed is about 50 mph, and the flow becomes unstable. Its traffic engineer's description of the constant braking and acceleration needed to keep a reasonable distance behind the car in front.

As the number increases slightly, traffic actually comes to a halt and vehicles progress in stops and starts. At about 4,500 vehicles an hour, the motorway becomes jammed and the limit capacity is reached.

When the motorway has three lanes there is more scope for switching from lane to lane and the limit capacity increases to 7,000, while the maximum number of vehicles it can carry at speeds of their own choice is 4,200 per hour.

By closing one of the bridge lanes and converting a three-lane motorway into two, the density of traffic is increased. Clearly there will be no problem at non-peak times when there are fewer than 2,800 vehicles per hour. But above this speed are reduced, traffic bunches and the number of cars or lorries on a given stretch is increased. At this point the weight on the bridge, and subsequent stress, will rise.

Ministry engineers contacted this week agree that this analysis of the problem is accurate and equally applicable for all types of road and all the bridges concerned. The effect of closing a bridge lane at best leaves the bridge loading virtually the same, and at worst slightly increases the weight the bridge is carrying. Why, then, was the decision to restrict the bridges taken? It appears that there is one unlikely exception to the above set of rules.

This exception presupposes the following extraordinary combination of circumstances: as a result of an accident all lanes of traffic on a road or motorway near a bridge are brought to a sudden halt; all the vehicles approaching it are heavily-laden lorries occupying all three lanes without any private cars in between (lorries in the third lane, incidentally, would be there illegally); on encountering a block they all brake and each one stops, within three feet of the other. At this point they would be testing the bridge to its designed maximum.

The risk of such an incident occurring cannot be computed accurately. It must be infinitesimal. Certainly no county surveyor or road authority contacted this week had ever experienced such a situation. They did, however, point out that there is a very real danger both to traffic and to road-workers whenever a lane has to be blocked off—traffic converges at speed and risks far outweigh the unlikely advantage in which Mr Walker appears to be reckoning.

Inquiries since he announced his bridge safety measures have established that the Merrison technical committee was not consulted on the decision to close lanes. The committee did consider the effect of its thinking on existing bridges open to traffic and decided against taking any precipitate action until the full revision of its design philosophy is completed next year.

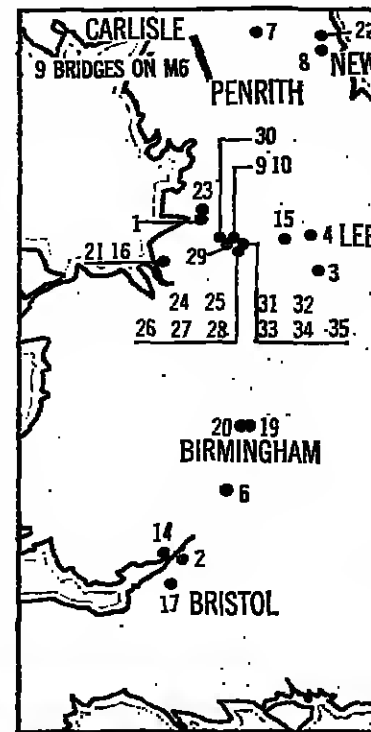
Now that rigorous proof is available that lane closures only serve to subject bridges to the same or higher loading, pressure from highway authorities to remove what most engineers consider to be an unnecessary accident hazard seems certain to increase.

Sydney Lensen

Editor: Construction News

Where the bridges are

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THE SUNDAY TIMES

What happens next?

WITH ONE bound he was free. . . Readers of our earlier instalments may recall that we pictured the Chancellor of the Exchequer trapped in the Treasury, and apparently happy while the tides of unemployment and stagnation rose all about him. It would be less than fair not to compliment him and the Prime Minister for having at last broken free of the bewitchments of Treasury caution. The mini-Budget last week is not a pussy-footing adjustment of position. It is a leap for a new policy, but at the moment of writing the Chancellor must still be considered in mid-air. There is no indication yet of a coherent incomes policy; prices depend largely on the splendid initiative of the CBI; and a policy of going for growth must be accompanied by a contingent strategy for dealing with an almost inevitable test, perhaps in a year, for the balance of payments.

Would we float, would we devalue (with EEC entry), would we borrow—or will we protect the balance of payments at the expense of another defeating round of deflation? The Prime Minister spoke yesterday of our now beginning "a process of expansion which will be sound and enduring," but there will have to be a real strategy to achieve that and not a mere continuation of wishful thinking.

Mr Heath did his own reputation for straight talk less than justice by suggesting that the mini-Budget was the culmination of a year's work, that all we have gone through had been a necessary foundation for the new bid for growth. He said nothing of the Treasury miscalculations and the Micawberian optimism which has cost us dearly in real national wealth. As our economics editor makes clear (page 42) even the mini-Budget injection only has the same goal for output in 1972 as Barber set in April. It is 4 per cent growth only because we start from a lower base. Plain mistakes should not be presented as a policy, not if one is to have confidence that the same mistakes will not be made again. We have supported the Industrial Relations Bill and the bid for Europe, and the Government's stand on wages, but we could certainly have had these in association with a more consistent and much earlier policy for growth and perhaps with trade union co-operation on wages. As it is, the Government has a year's bitterness to overcome as well as a year's waste. The unions should none the less respond to the new initiative. It is plainly in all our interests that it should work.

Hunt for a martyr

A NEW ARGUMENT is to be heard in the Labour Party's great debate on Europe. It shows signs of attracting wider support than the argument that the terms are wrong. This "argument"—a generous euphemism—alleges that the Press and the other media, representing some notional establishment, are conspiring for the Market and against the Labour Party. Mr Callaghan and Mr Foot are the most recent converts to this tactic. The Press, it is said, can be relied on to exclude and diminish the anti-Market case. More seriously, the Press is said to be engaged upon the systematic assassination of the character of Mr Harold Wilson because he is against British entry to the Common Market. Some of Mr Wilson's friends and not a few of his rivals portray him as a pitiable innocent, daily suffering a breakfast crucifixion because he holds a view which, while "voicing the disquiet of millions" (Mr Callaghan), displeases the sinister combination of Press barons, television bosses, weasel columnists and other unfamiliar bogeymen.

The convenience of this argument is as obvious as its familiarity. It is the Old Reliable for every Labour audience in time of trouble. It distracts attention from every uncomfortable point at issue, and soothes the party in the delicious haze of collective paranoia. Historically it has performed this function irrespective of the particular facts. Yet rarely can even this tactic have had to struggle so mightily with the facts as it does in the present case.

It is true that a majority of papers are in favour of British entry. But not all of these are unexceptional. The allegation that any or all of them suppress the anti-Market case in reporting the great debate needs careful documentation. Any such suppression is palpably not true of the television companies, with their stultifying search for balance. Significantly this charge, which now occupies a prominent place in the anti-Market demonology, has not yet begun to be substantiated. Until it is, it is likely to persuade only those who already want to believe it.

The charge that Mr Wilson is being persecuted because he is against British entry is at the same time more serious and more resonantly fatuous. On the whole nobody is being attacked merely because he is against British entry. Mr Douglas Jay, Mr Peter Shore, Mr Michael Foot himself—these veterans of the cause all stand unscathed by honest disagreement. If anyone is suffering for his honest opinions on Europe, it is probably Mr Roy Jenkins. As for Mr Wilson, the attack derives not, of course, from his anti-Market views but from the volte-face he has performed since leaving office, culminating with last week's attacks on his colleagues. Unhappily for him he has committed a series of actions the mere recitation of which, unadorned by adjective or prejudice, amounts to an indictment of his consistency and sincerity. It is a fact that Labour applied to join Europe, as a great enterprise. It is a fact that credible Labour leaders have said the present terms would have satisfied a Labour Cabinet. It is a fact that the weight of Labour opinion opposes entry. It is a fact that Mr Wilson now finds the terms unacceptable. It is therefore not a fact that Mr Wilson can be treated, least of all by the devilish Mr Crossman, as the plain man's anti-Marketeer.

A similar clouding of the issue can be seen in the attack on Mr Jenkins' speech to the Parliamentary Party. Mr Jenkins, it is said, spoke too brilliantly. It is all very well for him to be a European, but not to be so articulate a European. So fevered is the Party's condition that a man who dares to speak with simple consistency evidently cannot be what he seems. He too must be assigned his portion of the duplicity which attaches to his enemies. In fact, he must be said to have threatened the leadership. That, we are told, was his motive and that his crime; and upon that can be fused all the energy which has been groping for any diversion from hard substantial matters such as the alternative to British entry.

In the attack on Mr Jenkins, as in the defence of Mr Wilson against the Press, the anti-Market case has reached a nadir of sophistry. This argues not merely a low view of the world but, which is far worse, an unreal one. Who are these people who are expected to believe that Mr Wilson has walked the path of total consistency since the beginning of time? Who is supposed to be persuaded that Mr Jenkins ought not to have argued the cause of his lifetime? Who is meant to be impressed by the spectacle of a party grovelling for a chimerical popularity by pursuing a chimerical unity? It really is unwise to treat all the people as imbeciles all of the time.

EUROPE AND LABOUR

TOO BIG A SPLIT FOR HAROLD

RONALD BUTT

WHEN MR WILSON rose to speak at the end of last Saturday's Labour conference on the Common Market, a position had been created in which it would have been perfectly possible for him to build constructively for the real, as distinct from the superficial, unity of his party. Instead, by his speech then, and by his tactics during the subsequent few days, the politician who, above all others, has made a fetish of party unity, gratuitously set about destroying it.

The fundamental new fact that emerged as a result of Labour's conference was that the pro-Marketisers were stronger in morale, more robust in will and, most important, better equipped with support among the individual delegates at the conference than had generally been expected. It was quite clear, at the end of last Saturday's debate, that they were not going to surrender for the simple reason that they felt strong enough not to be obliged to do so. If the pro-Market Labour "rebels" stick to their guns, they are clearly numerically strong enough to defy the anathema of their leader and the crack of the Whips.

Any competent student of the House of Commons understands that the bigger a "rebellion" is, and the more it seems to call for discipline, the less easy discipline is to apply. For a rebel group to be deprived of the Whip, it must be small and insignificant enough for this action not to erode party numbers. It is one thing to apply penance or expulsion to a few unimportant heretics. It is quite another to apply them to so large a number that the result is schism. For example, it was possible to withdraw the Whip from a handful of extreme rebels after Gaitskill's peace with Bevan. It would never have been possible to expel the entire Bevanite wing of the Labour Party, or even to remove the Whip without causing total disintegration. It is no more feasible to beat the hard-core 40 or more Marketisers into submission now if they choose to stay firm.

In these circumstances, the obvious course for Mr Wilson last weekend was to have made a magnanimous speech which made a virtue out of the facts, however unpalatable they were to him. Of course, it is undeniable that he had previously got himself into a position where he and the National Executive Committee could not avoid leading the majority of their party against Europe. It was probably also inevitable that he was obliged to make this position clear to the card-carrying cohorts last weekend.

But it would also have been perfectly feasible for Mr Wilson to have complemented his anti-Market statement not merely with the acknowledgment he did make of the long-standing conscientious commitment of an important section of his party to Europe, but also with a generous recognition of the Europeans' right (which they will exercise anyway) to vote according to their conscience when the day of decision arrives in Parliament.

This need not have carried any implication that the Labour Party would refrain from applying the Whip. After all, even Mr Heath, who does not exactly suffer rebels gladly, and who insists (against the view of others in the Tory Cabinet) that the Conservative Whip must be on, has publicly recognised that some long-standing Tory opponents of Market membership will be conscientiously bound to vote against the Market and that there will be no question of withdrawing the Whip from them as a penalty.

Of course, private pressures will be exerted on the Tory anti-Marketisers to toe the line and nobody could have grumbled if corresponding pressures were placed on the Labour pro-Marketisers. But this is totally different from Mr Wilson's unseemly public repudiation of Mr Thompson and of Mr Jenkins. There is no justification for any implied threat that, after the Europeans have exercised their freedom of argument in the "great debate," they will then be expected to fall in line with the majority—whose decision Mr Wilson arbitrarily pre-empted by the tone of his own speech.

Mr Wilson's speech last Saturday was an attempt to rattle Mr Jenkins and his friends into submission—and when they refused to submit, this was perversely interpreted by Mr Wilson as a personal

attack on his leadership. The sheer presumption of Mr Wilson's tactics and of his outburst after Mr Jenkins had nailed his colours to the European mast last Monday was breathtaking. Shielding behind the technical position that Labour's final and formal decision is not yet taken, Mr Wilson held himself personally free to make a totally anti-Market speech, declaring *ex cathedra* that the last Labour Government would not have accepted these terms, yet denying the right of his Chancellor of the Exchequer to say that in his personal opinion the majority of the Labour Cabinet would have accepted them.

Mr Jenkins' dissent, which has been open throughout, and that of those who think like him, is about an issue, not about the quality of leadership. Only Mr Wilson could turn it into that—and astonishingly, this plot-obsessed leader did just that. Poor Mr Jenkins: he is wicked; he defends not himself, but his principles. It baffles belief that Mr Wilson fails to see that the Labour Party and its public credibility would have been more damaged if those who, like Mr Jenkins, have been campaigning for Europe, had tamely eaten their words.

What is more, after Mr Crossman's outrageous and characteristically pot-stirring outburst in the New Statesman against Mr Jenkins and those who think like him, one could hardly accuse the former Gaitskillites of paranoia if they interpret the events of the past week as some confirmation of their previous suspicions that the Labour Left might use the European issue to discredit them so as finally to reduce their significance in the Labour Party. Mr Michael Foot's public declaration that the party leadership should be reshaped on the basis of the October conference's anticipated anti-Market decision is further confirmation of the urge on the Labour Left to oust the Liberal wing of the Labour Party, who are substantially the old Gaitskillites.

One of the saddest aspects of the past week or two has been Mr Wilson's gravitation back to his old Opposition posture of band-holding with Labour's Left at a time of its reviving vendetta against the Right. The plain fact is that if the attempt succeeded to isolate and discredit that wing of the Labour Party which carries most weight with the public for rationality, the party which Mr Wilson now leads could be irretrievably damaged as an instrument for Government.

By the end of the week, Mr Wilson had been forced to make unconvincing gestures of peace. He had made two big errors. First, if he was determined to make his own view of the European issue dogma as from last weekend, it was surely a tactical mistake to connive at putting off the crucial conference vote. Assuming he was really determined to keep the Europeans down, he might as well have allowed the Conference to vote Europe down in a quick kill. This would have largely obliterated the public's mind, the fact that so significant a proportion of the constituency delegates were favourable to Europe. It was not exactly skilful of Mr Wilson to leave the Marketisers free to make their case, uninhibited by a conference decision, and then to complain that they had spoken their mind just as plainly as he had.

Secondly, he had underestimated the strength and determination of the Europeans. That it is he who has been driven on to the retreat, at least in a moral sense, is obvious by the subsequent reports that all his tactics are alleged to have been devoted to avoiding a position in which the October Labour conference might declare for a commitment to withdraw from Europe when in power. In the first place, what is to stop him resisting such a commitment openly? In the second, when was Mr Wilson in office bound by conference "decision"? Not, certainly, in defence, foreign or incomes policy. A future Labour Government would be committed not by a conference decision but by its manifesto.

It is, perhaps, not too late to restore some remnants of order. But it can surely only be done if Mr Wilson recognises now the right of the committed Europeans to act on their commitment. This is the way to earn public respect and also party peace. It would also be the road to real, as distinct from spurious, unity.

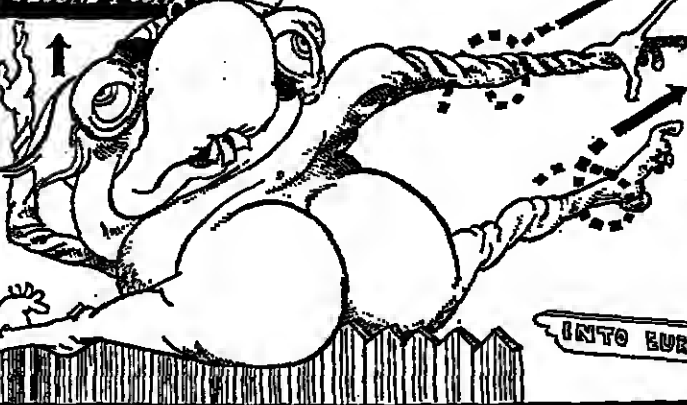
KAMA WILSON

THE MANY POSITIONS PRACTISED BY HAROLD

FIRST POSITION



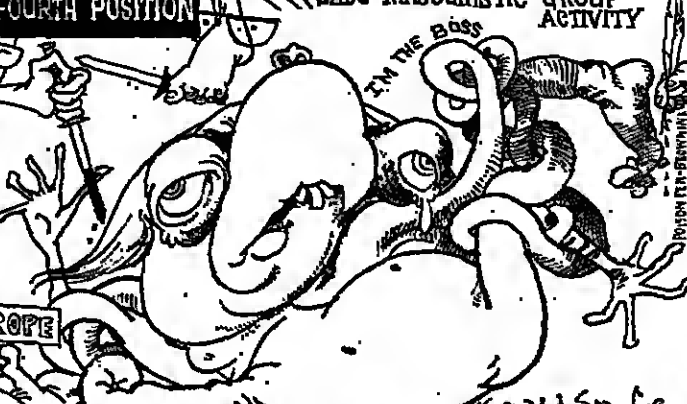
SECOND POSITION



THIRD POSITION



FOURTH POSITION



FIFTH POSITION



BONANZA DAY IN MANCHESTER

Patrick Campbell

JULY 20TH 1971. Bonanza Day. The day the customers, the veritable consumer units themselves, went wild. The day they broke down the doors of the knitwear shops, the ashtray and souvenir shops, the crisps and biscuits shops, the carpet and rug emporia, even the portals of the dispensing chemists—one and all set afire with acquisitive lust by Barber's Beautiful Bonus.

And I was in just the right place to observe the milling crowds, the clutching hands, the perambulators piled high with electric toasters, alarm clocks, hair-dressing goods and other toiletry fancies.

Manchester. The heart and core of the hard-headed. The people who most of all know a bargain when they see one.

I was up, shaved, breakfasted and alert by 7.30 am on the morning of Bonanza Day, not wishing to miss a single incident—like, perhaps, two elderly ladies buying three ice-cream tricycles each on a long marking down of 15 miles of Axminster carpeting.

The streets, however, were strangely silent, though I bent a cocked ear far out of the bedroom window. Not many people about, either, when one might have expected massed hordes of housewives to be marching in from the suburbs carrying empty trunks, suitcases and laundry baskets, ready to receive the loot. Then the alarming thought occurred to me that, at 7.30 am, the battle might already be over. Surely the sagacious Mancunian shopkeepers would have thrown open their doors at first light, having been up all night long marking down children's bedsocks, mixed loffees, pet foods, vacuum cleaners and ladies winter woollies.

I left the hotel at a run and at the same speed made a circuit of Manchester's Piccadilly. It contained but a single member of the human race. A tramp, sitting on a dustbin, eating a piece of advanced cheese. He wore an overcoat, despite the comparatively balmy weather, with a length of rope around it. He looked at me with loathing. "Git

washed," he bawled, "ye dirty bastard!"

Not very nice. But, more important, there was no trace of Bonanza Day activities in any of the shops. All sternly closed, and the price tags on the kiddies' rompers and youths' beach wear looked as if they hadn't been changed for years.

I went back to the hotel, and read some more newspapers, all about the gigantic spending spree, the dramatic and instantaneous slashing of prices, new cars going like hot cakes, and a dynamic burst of energy in Britain's downcast economy. The time passed slowly until 9 a.m., when I judged that the marts of trade must at long last be open.

They weren't, in the case of at least one enormous store, which said it would open at 9.15, on a small notice on the door. Two women were waiting outside. "Luking forward to 'price cools, then, are yab, luvvs?" I said, in the local dialect, hoping to warm them into some revelation.

They both looked at me in alarm, drawing closer together for protection. The smaller one even took the larger one's arm. "Coom away, Gladys," she said nervously. "Fools!"

Another large store was, however, open further down the street. Straight in and the purchase of a comb marked 10p. I left out the local dialect this time and said to the assistant, "Have you done your price slashing yet?" I might have been speaking in Hungarian. She looked at me very warily for a long time—a small, mad little thing with gingery hair. "Yullavask manageress," she said in the end.

I fung out of there all right. I can tell you, and bought a tie in a gentlemen's haberdashers' next door, priced at £1.50, posing the usual inquiry. The haberdasher looked pained at this crude commercial intrusion. "We're not bothered with all that," he said loftily. "Might knock a few pence off later on." He allowed himself a short, contemptuous laugh. "Got to show willing, you know."

So died Bonanza Day in Manchester, at 9.22 am, July 20th.

EUROPE AND AMERICA

DANGERS OF THE TRADE WAR

DENIS HEALEY

IF, as President Nixon said of the United States, "Vietnam has almost totally obscured our vision of the world," the problem of enlarging the Common Market has produced a similar myopia in Europe. Yet the prosperity of ordinary men and women on both sides of the English Channel depends primarily not on Britain's relationship with the European Economic Community, but on what happens to world trade in the next few years.

The unprecedented growth rates in most of the developed countries since 1950 would have been impossible without the steady increase in their trade with one another. Between 1960 and 1969 world trade doubled, and for every 1 per cent increase in a country's growth there was a 2 per cent increase in its trade—indeed 2.3 per cent for the Common Market countries. But the last few years have seen a steady increase in regional discrimination of which the United States has been the main victim. America's reaction was inevitable. In 1970 only the mid-term elections prevented the Mills Bill from becoming law and imposing ruinous quotas on American imports of textiles and shoes. Two months ago Mr John Connally, US Secretary of the Treasury and a possible future candidate for the Presidency, warned America's allies that they could no longer rely on her for their defence unless they not only carried a higher share of the military burden but also liberalised their trade policies.

Few Europeans seem to appreciate how much the climate inside America has already changed and how much further it could go unless they respond rapidly to the challenge. In 1934 the average American tariff was 60 per cent. This was steadily reduced after the war and the Kennedy Trade Expansion Act finally brought it down to only 9 per cent. Since 1962, however, the effect of American tariff cuts in the Kennedy Round has been largely cancelled out by new quantitative restrictions on foreign imports, and domestic pressures for more protection have been mounting rapidly. The internal lobbies for free trade are weaker in America than in any other Western country. Exports account for only about 7 per cent of her total production of goods. The trade unions have turned strongly against free trade. The farmers, who benefited most from free trade in the past, have been hit increasingly since 1966 by the Common Market's agricultural policy. But the most important factor is the collapse of confidence in America's world role and with it a growing reluctance to sacrifice domestic interests on the altar of foreign policy.

This has produced a much colder attitude towards America's allies in Europe and the Far East. At a time when the US is spending well over twice as much of her national wealth on defence as her allies are, the foreign exchange cost of stationing American troops abroad is \$5,000 million a year—about twice the American balance of payments deficit foreseen by the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development in the next few years. It is not surprising that allied claims that the dollar is overvalued or that Washington lacks financial discipline produce the sort of reaction Secretary Connally displayed in his speech. Even if the Administration continues to proclaim its faith in free trade as a principle, it is bound to show increasing toughness in defending America's interests in practice.

There are three areas where Common Market policy will become a major target of American attack. So long as the Common Agricultural Policy depends on price guarantees without production quotas, a good harvest with not only a squeeze American food out of Europe but also lead to surplus-pluses which are dumped in competition. It is obvious that the Common Market should either introduce quotas on food production or move to a system of income guarantees instead. But since France can veto any change in the CAP it is difficult to see this happening quickly.

In the second place the Common Market policy of exchanging preferences with its Associated States in the Third World greatly extends the area of discrimination against America, as well as

favouring Africa as Asia and pushing America into a similar ferocious bloc with the association with other like Spain, Israel, an EFTA countries while want full membership pounds the offence.

Finally the American that the Common Market's importation against imports is partly re for the USA having to main burden of Japan competition. America's seat takes about \$1,000 million deficit trade with Japan.

Japan itself, of course, other main target of resentment. In 1960 ports were equal to mainland China. So with barely one-eighth China's population, it created her exports 1 times. Yet despite this achievement, and the fantastic growth rate it is based, Japan is used her trade more slowly any other developed Most other countries that Japan's record rest on a gross under of the yen, which is threat to the stability international non-tariff she currently enjoys of \$4,000 million on h of trade. Yet Japan tises severe disci against foreign firms fields—particularly ment and ownership frontiers.

As things now stand is likely to suffer Europe from a reversion to protection since she cans would not be seeing her turn so export surplus into and so help to com America's military from Asia. No one v of history or a feel future could contem a development witho

What can be done the trend of the last The OECD has ju to set up a small group in the autumn the problem and guidelines. But this sally seen at present a holding action to problem vaguely in after the American election and after comes a member o mon Market—assum ment so decides.

There are grave waiting so long. Nixon's determinat, the American econo whatever the cost could face Ameri major trade crisis election is over: it faces similar risks. Barber's reflection! An American backl the election camp! what was seen as all mindedness could astrous consequence ton circle already t ducing import surr export subsidies. retaliation it bound.

No country has m from a shrinking in than the United Kin if all four new app the Common Mark of Britain's exports, countries outside the Community and mates that North A be Britain's last market this decade. The Government h head well down in a national discussions little clue of itsite there are some yon President Pompidou congratulated h recognising the "should remain b cut itself off to w from the wider w

As the Great I ceeds, the more marketeers are ter ploit anti-American as squalid and irr way as some of the exploit anti-Germ Yet the strongest enlarging the Com in my view is t could, if she wishe balance of opinion Community, a g regional protection has contributed s recent years to the a world trade w Europe would su than her compell Britain, at least i is prepared to act a horse of the Unit balance of argum decisively against l

Sunday Times reporting team charts the path of an
liner that flew into the centre of a lethal Arab intrigue

THE MEN WHO TRAPPED SPEEDBIRD VICTOR MIKE

IT IS NOW PLAIN, a stroke of bluff which down BOAC Flight 045 by at 0132 hours GMT Tuesday.

At the same moment, a transport plane was into the ground 1,500 away in Saudi Arabia, half a dozen major Iraqi planes with it to an abrupt crash in Saudi Arabia.

is certain that both fit into the web of an international intrigue—partly improvised—also Dom Mintoff's hopes for independence of Malta, and of the now isolated government in Iraq.

story has one of its roots in an astonishing, a little over a year the were massacred on an in the upper Nile. It is same time an episode in a defeating episode for it. A murderous chaos elopes the Arab world, e Atlantic shore to the Gulf, and from the ranean deep into Black

also clear that the two were taken off BOAC Victor Mike—Lt-Col and Major Hamadallah, losers in a deadly game if they have not yet ing squads like four of leagues in the short-Sudanese government uested Jastar Nimeiry e presidency for just ys.

MEDIATE CHAIN OF began with the coup Sudan on Monday. It or Hashem al-Atta who st a proclamation last night, announcing that ad passed from Presi-meiry to a new revo-council of seven. al-Atta, it was subse-announced, was to be commander-in-chief. president was to be Bahakr al-Nur Osman, new Prime Minister arook Hamadallah. All ficers had been dis-

missed by Nimeiry last Novem-ber for their Left-wing sym- pathies. The last two of them were in London.

Colonel al-Nur had been in London since July 7. He stayed in a flat, and visited a hospital for treatment for a kidney complaint.

On Tuesday the Sudanese Embassy booked seats with BOAC on Flight 045 for "two of our VIPs." But on Wednesday Colonel al-Nur gave inter-views to reporters from all over the world, saying that he was returning to Khartoum that evening. As there is only one flight a week from London to Khartoum, that meant BA 045.

"We wish we had been more discreet," said a Sudanese embassy official in the brief interval between the news of the hijacking and the news of the counter-coup. (Colonel al-Nur, incidentally, was trained for military intelligence work in Britain.)

Khartoum airport was reported closed since the coup.



Lt-Col Bahakr al-Nur (left) and Major Farouk Hamadallah just before they boarded BOAC flight 045 at Heathrow

and BOAC followed the usual channels to get clearance. Approaches were made, through the Department of Trade and Industry and the Foreign Office, to the Sudanese Embassy in London. The matter was handled at routine level: by civil servants and by BOAC middle-management. The fact that the flight would be passing over the territory of Libya, whose president was a close ally of the deposed president of Sudan, apparently did not occur to any of them. But the BOAC officials were keen to have BA 045, which goes on to Nairobi and Dar-es-Salaam, make its usual halt at Khartoum in the Sudan. Including the two VIPs, there were 32 passengers booked for Khartoum.

Shortly before the flight was due to take off, at 9.45 pm, Colonel al-Nur and Major Hamadallah were taken by car across the tarmac to the plane from the VIP lounge. After a routine flight to Rome and a 45-minute stop-over BA 045 flew on down the west coast of Italy. In flight, an aircraft passes from one air-

traffic control area to the next, each of which will have received a detailed flight plan in advance by telex.

As the VC 10 crossed over Caraffa, in the "instep" of Italy, it was still under Italian Central control. But by about 0045 GMT, now out over the Mediterranean, it was approaching Malta Flight Information Region. Malta FIR is run by International Aeradio Ltd., in which BOAC is the biggest shareholder. Most of its staff at Luqa, the Malta International airport, are Maltese; only the three top managers are British.

The pilot, Captain Roy Bowyer, made a routine call. "Speedbird 045 en route Khartoum. We will be crossing FIR border at 1250 Zulu. Flight level 330, estimating Benghazi 0130 Zulu." Zulu is airman's language for Greenwich Mean Time.

Malta control then queried the VC 10's destination. The controller thought Khartoum

under 40,000 feet. "If the aircraft had wanted to fly straight on," he said, "it should have been above 40,000 feet, and could have continued then to Malta and we'd have given the aircraft permission to come back here or to Rome, whichever it wanted. But we had no authority to give instructions."

Mr Ferro's account should be placed in context. The new Government in Malta gives high priority to its relations with Libya. Yesterday Mr Mintoff sent his deputy Prime Minister, the poet Anton Buttigieg, and his Finance Minister, to Libya. Their mission was to explore a Libyan offer of £15 million a year in aid... "without strings."

BOAC insist that no Libyan fighters were in the air when the threat was received. So could the Libyans have shot Victor Mike down?

Colonel Ghaddafy has ordered the ferocious total of 100 of the latest French Mirage jet fighters, but none of them are yet operational. French sources have said that the first Libyans presented for training were "incapable, for psychological and physical reasons, of becoming familiarised with ultra-modern jet aircraft." In the meantime, the Libyan Air Force relies on ten American Northrop F-5A lightweight jet fighters, of which several are thought to have been crashed lately. The F-5 is capable of Mach 1.4 speeds, but even at Israeli standards it would take all of five minutes to climb to 30,000 feet and catch the airliner—which by then could have been well out of Libyan airspace.

The evidence suggests that Benghazi was bluffing, but unfortunately for the two Sudanese officers, it was a bluff which no airline pilot could afford to call. At 0130, Bowyer said he would land, but would have to circle for an hour, losing fuel, to get into the short runway.

A steward went and woke the colonel and the major. As the big jet circled, they tore up handfuls of papers and crammed them into ashtrays. They behaved with dehonour courage, for men who must have realised that they were probably going to their deaths. Major Hamadallah made a joke about having another whisky, because Libya was dry.

At 0230 Flight 045 landed at Benina. The short presidency of Colonel al-Nur.

The Mahdi dies

Even if air traffic control knows that the weather ahead is appalling or that the next airport is closed, it may suggest a landing, but it never normally orders one. As soon as the Libyans did so, Bowyer knew that he had a major crisis on his hands.

He reacted coolly. While his co-pilot stayed tuned in to the Libyans on VHF, Bowyer called Malta control on his HF frequency and requested clearance to return to Rome (a formality, in that empty night air-space).

BOAC say clearance was granted. Certainly Captain Bowyer completed a long, sweeping 180-degree turn to head the VC 10 northwards again.

Then at 0132 messages came virtually simultaneously over the two frequencies. The voice from Benina said: "For the safety of the souls on board you are to land at Benghazi," and in case that wasn't plain enough added some threat about shooting the plane down.

On the HF from Malta came the puzzling call that clearance back to Rome had been rescinded. At 0132, when the two messages reached the VC 10, it was, according to BOAC, 30 miles from Benghazi, and 40 miles from the edge of Libyan airspace. It was heading north and—with a top speed of some 600 mph, even though it had slowed to make the turn—it would have reached safety in a maximum of five minutes.

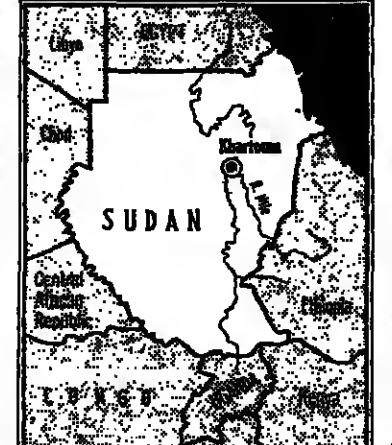
Or so BOAC insists. The Maltese version is quite different. "The aircraft had entered the Benghazi terminal control area," said Gerald Ferro, Malta's Director of Civil Aviation. "Malta handed it over to Benghazi in normal control procedure. Benghazi said Khartoum airport was closed and the aircraft then requested permission to return to Rome."

"We told the plane it was under Benghazi control, so ask Benghazi. The aircraft called Benghazi, who insisted that the aircraft land there. They sent a fighter aircraft after it."

Ferro said that Benghazi only controlled aircraft

THE REASONS for the hijacking go back to the spring of 1970. At that time Jastar Nimeiry, president of the Sudan, took two decisions. He went along with his ally, Colonel Ghaddafy, in Libya, and with Gamal Abdul Nasser, still president of Egypt, in the first, cautious moves towards a federation of their three countries, which between them cut off a huge triangular corner of the African continent.

And he killed the Mahdi, leader of the great Ansar sect and descendant of the martial prophet who gave Britain so much trouble in the 1880s.



Some thousands of the Ansar were rounded up on an island in the Nile. Many were killed, and the Mahdi himself was said to have been "shot while trying to escape."

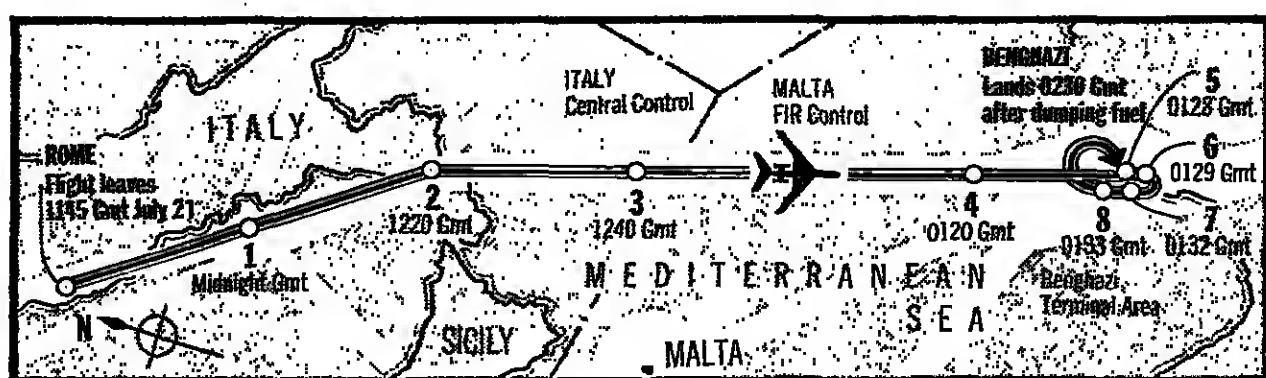
Nimeiry thus broke the strength of the Ansar sect for the time being. But he also deprived himself of the counter-force which men in power in Arab countries have always had to use to protect their Left flank: traditional Islamic faith.

In an effort to balance his destruction of the Ansaris, Nimeiry moved decisively against the Sudanese communists.

By last November he felt strong enough to outlaw the party and expel its three closest associates from his Revolutionary Command Council—Colonel al-Nur, Major al-Atta and Major Hamadallah.



President Nimeiry of the Sudan (centre) listens to President Sadat of Egypt. In the background, Colonel Ghaddafy, President of Libya, prophet of "Arab unity": the man who captured Nimeiry's enemies in mid-air.



- THE PATH OF BA 045**
1. Enters Italy Central control.
 2. Passes over Caraffa.
 3. Calls Malta control.
 4. Contacts Benghazi.
 5. Ordered to land.
 6. Turns back for Rome.
 7. The Libyan threat.
 8. Pilot agrees to land.

whole Arab world. First, the Sudan is not merely the largest country in Africa, with 15 million people scattered over a land area two-thirds that of India. It is also the hyphen between the Arab world and the equally turbulent world of black Africa.

The Sudan has common frontiers with Egypt, Ethiopia, Kenya, Uganda, the Congo, Chad, Libya and the Central African Republic. It also faces, across the Red Sea, conservative Saudi Arabia, a divided Yemen, and the radical South Yemen.

In half a dozen of these neighbouring States, ferocious conflicts are taking place: between the Government, supported by French troops, and rebel forces, for example, in Chad; or between Haile Selassie's Government and the Eritrean rebels in Ethiopia.

But the Sudan itself has been the theatre for the last ten years of a savage civil war between the Anya Nya rebels, drawn from the black peoples of the southern third of the country, and the Islamic majority which controls power in Khartoum. This war, in which 500,000 people—probably some exaggeration—are said to have been killed, is the cutting edge where Black Africa and the Middle East meet.

Secondly, since the Arab disaster in the June War of 1967 and the rise of the Palestinian guerrillas—who threatened to damage Arab governments more than Israel—the Arab regimes have all been involved in a complex struggle for survival.

Ostensibly, the opposite poles of this struggle are represented by the traditional force of Islam on one side, and the secular force of left-wing ideology, including Communism, on the other. But to see the struggle simply in these terms is misleading. In fact the two opposites often shade into each other—the Sudanese communists always open their meetings with readings from the Holy Koran—and the tactical shifts and alliances of Arab rulers and their challengers subordinate both Islam and ideology to the demands of power.

A desert prophet

That was why a plane-load of Iraqis died when the Antonov crashed at Jeddah. The Baath Government in Iraq started out bitterly hostile to Arab Communists, though a willing ally of the Soviet Union. It was also, for historical and national reasons, savagely jealous of Egyptian leadership of the Arab world.

Recently, as it watched the Palestinian guerrillas destroyed in Jordan, and the Syrians making friends with Egypt again, the Iraqi Baathists had felt more isolated than ever. A regime in the Sudan which would help to pull the rug out from under President Sadat by challenging his Arab Federation was just what they would have wanted.

Acting swiftly on the old Arab principle that "the enemy of my enemy is my friend," they forgot old Baath-Communist rivalry and despatched their goodwill mission—to its death.

In this struggle for survival, Nimeiry was in a difficulty. His best safeguard against the challenge from the Sudanese Left, once he had crushed the Ansar sect, was to move closer to Sadat and Ghaddafy in the Arab Federation. But that aroused more discontent at home, especially in the South where the Negroes saw their identity threatened with submergence in an Arab super-state. Hence Nimeiry's inability to pursue the Federal idea in April this year when Ghaddafy, Sadat, and Syria's President Assad signed a further treaty while Nimeiry declined. Hence, also, the immediate emphasis on regional autonomy for the

South in the proclamations of the rebel officers in Khartoum last Monday.

A further factor in all this, however—and a characteristic of Arab one—is the strange personality of Colonel Ghaddafy. The Libyan leader is an Arab visionary: a devout and ascetic Muslim, raised as a schoolboy in the remote Libyan desert on the dreams of Arab unity which he heard from Cairo Radio.

In Nasser's early years of triumph 15 years ago, unity was the cry: "from the Atlantic Ocean to the Persian Gulf." But for most Arabs that dream faded in the humiliation of

defeat. Only Ghaddafy seems now to believe in it with any conviction; and most of his more erratic-seeming actions are inspired by his youthful determination to make that dream come true. That was why he, alone among Arab leaders, went on trumpeting his cry for revolution in Morocco ten days ago—long after the Moroccan rebellion had failed.

And that is why, on Thursday morning, he forced down the BOAC airliner to remove from it the two men who, in his eyes, were determined to undermine his personal vision of Arab unity by their secular challenge.



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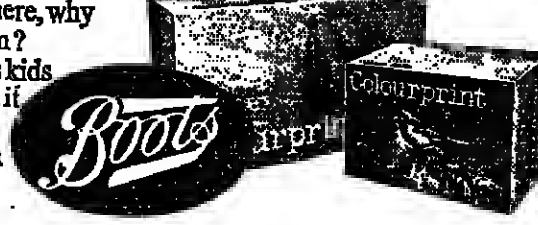
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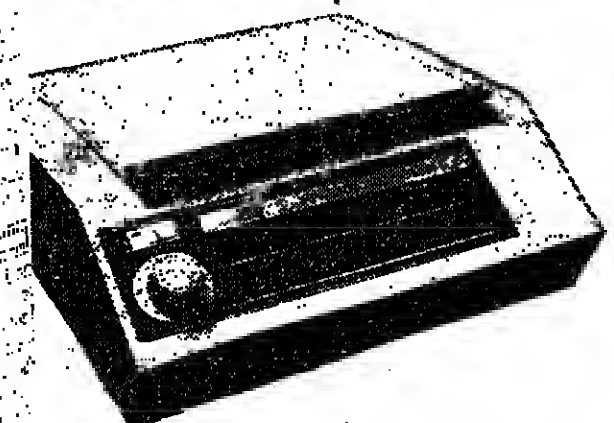
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SPORT



Collared: British Lion Fergus Slattery in New Zealand

VIVIAN JENKINS looks at the bruised image of New Zealand's top sport and says: Time for the rugby rough stuff to stop

THE IMAGE of rugby is undoubtedly suffering through the rough play being handed out to the Lions on their tour. If the Lions should lose this series, as people should say afterwards, as they well may, that it was won and lost in the match against Canterbury—when two outstanding players Ray McCoughlin and Sandy MacLellan were so savagely injured—there would be more than a grain of truth in their remarks.

There is still, regrettably, a proportion of "rough" men in New Zealand rugby. I stress the "proportion" because it is only a minority, but one rogue elephant, let loose among comparatively docile fellows, can set all kinds of tempo. It is doing New Zealand rugby no good, and thousands of parents, more particularly the fond mamas, are channelling their young into soccer instead. There are now 10,000 junior soccer players under the age of 16.

In the 140 primary and intermediate schools in the city—New Zealand's largest—recent surveys showed more than 6,000 youngsters playing soccer, compared with 17,000 playing rugby. This may not seem a lot to readers at home, but not so long ago soccer in New Zealand schools was practically unheard of. Mothers are saying that they do not want their children "bashed about" and the distant side, as it is not unknown, can sometimes get away.

Television, comparatively new in New Zealand, is bastarding the process. The new National Soccer League, too, is gaining many more adherents. Before full formation in the previous Northern League was no more than 800 per match. Now, for

"It is fatuous to say, when men are punched senseless, for no reason at all, that these things are all in the game."

views about rough play in New Zealand are usually seen in a sensibly non-committal "Every country has to solve this problem in its own way," he said, and I would not want to interfere in New Zealand's domestic affairs. Coach Carwyn James thought that the fever aroused by the Ranfurly Shield competition might have something to do with it, but felt that coaches were the key men in the issue. They must make it clear to their players that if they go in for any rough stuff they will be dropped, for several matches, he said. But people have been asking this for 50 years, to my knowledge, as well as demanding that referees should send people off.

The snag is that they do not, except very rarely, and the same troubles, unless some new deterrent is devised, will no doubt continue for the next 50 years. My own solution, still, is the penalty kick from in front of goal.

Rugby League and soccer officials in New Zealand are said to be delighted with the adverse publicity rough rugby is getting. They feel that if ever the climate was right for the growth of their codes, it is now.

It is fatuous to say, when men are punched senseless, for no reason at all, that these things are all in the game. These things are all in the game. This is in fact, not what the Hawkes Bay captain said after last Saturday's match at Napier. John Pullin, I am glad to say, has now recovered the sight in his right eye and is therefore already available for next Saturday's third, and all-important, Test at Wellington. I only hope it is a game of rugby, not a brawl.

John James, the Lions' captain, still thinks the Lions will win the Test. So does Dr Smith, so does Carwyn James. Indeed, if mutually expressed external confidence means anything, we are going to have a very close Test. Carwyn James, indeed, goes as far as to say: "I am more confident now, after the second Test, than I was after the first—forgetting that the second was won 9-3, after the first had been won 9-1."

When I asked him to expand on this, James added: "We made a lot of mistakes in that second Test, at Christchurch, and we know where we went wrong. We don't intend to make them again. Also our backs showed, by the way they ran the ball in

the closing minutes, that they can beat the All Blacks behind the scrum, if they give themselves full rein. It's all a question of confidence, really, and not being afraid to move the ball, as though it were just another match. Our chaps have their skills. All they have to do is use them."

That sounds fine, and one would not expect the coach to be anything other than optimistic. But when he and the other members of the team win, the operative word, I feel, is "can." That is no doubt that if every member of his ability, a win is certainly possible. When this team is play

"Rugby League and soccer officials are said to be 'delighted' with the adverse publicity rugby is getting... the climate is right for the growth of their codes"

ing at its best, practically nothing is beyond its compass.

But only the very best will do, against these four, but still formidable, All Blacks. There must be no repetition, for instance, of the wild tapping back from the line-outs that made life such a nightmare for scrum-half Gareth Edwards in the mud at Christchurch. The back forwards were on to him like the twin wing-forward John Taylor, who was held to be largely responsible for most of these omissions, he was suffering from a resource in the crack on the received in the first few minutes and had

He was caught in possession more often than I have even seen him before. All because of those tap-backs, and the All Blacks forwards racing through. It put a "stopper" on the Lions' back-play, except on broken-field positions, where full-back John Williams' outstanding flair was still able to come into play.

This time I should like to see bigger men at the end of our line-out, and more effort made to "take" the ball from time to time, instead of always slapping it back. It would be better for the All Blacks to get the ball than for Edwards, who seems likely to play again, to be submerged as he was last time. There is less danger, in such a case, in getting the ball than in the All Blacks forwards coming through, frontally, like a tidal wave.

Better still if our line-out forwards can catch the ball, hold it long enough to form a ruck, and then beat it. This would "bring in" the All Blacks' wing forwards, and give our halves a reasonable chance. But the day of the two-handed catch, they say, is over. If that is so, I personally would prefer to see the ball go to the other side, especially in wet conditions. Even in dry conditions the tap-back can lead to plenty of trouble.

Another failing at Christchurch was the poor policing of the blind side of the scrums and rucks. Three of the All Blacks' five tries stemmed from this, as a result of a breakdown in the scrum, a fourth by Kirkpatrick, a cut from the open side, to be fair to wing-forward John Taylor, who was held to be largely responsible for most of these omissions, he was suffering from a resource in the crack on the received in the first few minutes and had

only a hazy recollection of what happened afterwards. But I should like to see more weight and height combined in our forwards. Rodger Ansell, extremely well since I met him, and Derek Williams, who had a grand game for the All Blacks in the Poverty Bay-East Coast Borne during the week my own three choices, Quinnell, at 6ft 3½, Sibbald, at 6ft 4½, and 13st 11lb, need, if the Lions' function as we know it is to stop the All Blacks

"Mothers are saying they do not want their children bashed about"

ram in front. Taylor forward in many ways at Test level, it is just a matter of time.

THE powerful Keith Murdoch, who first Tests basis was named yesterday Zealand team for the against the British Lions next Saturday, has replaced Riechie Guy change from the team the Second Test.

Team: L. W. M. Williams, H. T. Jos Hunter, W. D. Cot Burgess, F. M. G. A. J. Wyllie, S. G. Kirkpatrick, C. E. J. Whiting, M. G. McLeod, R. B. I. Muller.

World Cup apathy hits Scotland

ONCE, in the dear and apparently dead days when Scotland meant something in international football, a World Cup qualifying draw might have aroused some comment: nothing hysterical but lively enough. The draw for the 1974 qualifying sections has had all the impact of Hughie Green picking a talent contest heat winner. The Scottish football public, certainly at this stage, does not want to know.

It is a sad situation, but an understandable one. Essentially, we are not fancied, not even at home. Our section opponents, Denmark and Czechoslovakia, are not particularly formidable. But nor are we. Had we been drawn with Cyprus and Luxembourg, we would have had a fighting chance of starting favourites. As it is, we are outsiders on form, and that in a section including Denmark.

This week, the new international committee is expected to start talking seriously about World Cup preparations. Members of that committee should



realise that their priority task is the restoration of public confidence. At present, there is apathy, deep-rooted, unmistakable. If the international committee cannot do better than feed us more platitudes, we will soon have nothing at all to talk about, seriously or otherwise.

JOCK STEIN would be the last to assert that any club can rely on one man, although he is himself a fair indication of the contrary. Yet Stein, like every Celtic supporter with the smallest claim to football knowledge, must be hoping that Bobby Murdoch will regain in the new season the form that made him the finest midfielder man in the game.

Celtic won the League and Cup last time, more or less without the help of Murdoch. It is unarguable that Murdoch's decline—due mainly to injury and a weight problem—is the most significant single factor in the comparative decline of Celtic as a European proposition.

Until the power and authority lent to the heart of the Celtic side is revived—by Murdoch himself, by a successor or a combination of successors—Celtic will be in constant danger of losing their marvellously won European status.

RANGERS' supporters have had little for their comfort in the club's visit to Sweden. But they will be doing themselves a favour if they tried to see the trip in perspective.

Willie Waddell did not take his players to Gothenburg and a minor football tournament in search of easy glory. There was

no glory available for a start. This is not to say that he did not hope to win every match played, but it is unrealistic to suggest that results were important.

These were bounce-games, with a reasonable element of competition, as in the match against Orygryte. But for Rangers, as indeed for Wolves, they were part of a pre-season training routine, and ought to be viewed as such.

Waddell, naturally, had let it be known that his men would be playing for first-team places in Sweden, but he could hardly have adopted any other attitude. The first games that matter for Rangers will be those against Tottenham Hotspur and Everton. Neither points nor trophies will be at stake, and prestige is an over-blown consideration on such occasions, but Waddell will want to play his best sides against the English, and the players know it. Self-confidence remains one of the most valid points of all. Defeats by Spurs and Everton would be a poor prelude to the big one against Celtic, while clearly the reverse would also be the case.

JIMMY BONTHORNE, whose appointment as manager of Aberdeen has still to be confirmed, is a man easy to like, and there is no more likeable side to his character than his loyalty.

When on a tour as a Scotland trainer, and under the control of Bobby Brown, he must have realised that the way things were going, he stood a chance of becoming team manager for Scotland.

Some, perhaps many, in his position might have taken refuge behind the "no comment" screen, allowing journalists to interpret the silence ominously. Others might have talked plenty—off the record.

Bonthorne, for the record, invariably defended Brown's tactics articulately and convincingly, and with an utter sincerity. He would listen to no criticism of his chief, and it was not a righteous pose, either. Now, after Aberdeen's first game, over Borussia Dortmund he still finds it hard to push any kind of personal claim. He stresses that the tactics which beat the Germans were those devised and exploited by Aberdeen's former manager, Eddie Turnbull.

Maybe they were, at that. But Bonthorne was in charge. Had Aberdeen come a cropper, he would never lose sight of that, and should act accordingly. He is carrying the can. He is entitled to compliments in success. Nobody will call him a bighead if he decides to move rather more firmly towards the centre of the stage.

John Lindsay

Cricket: at Lord's Scrooge tries India's cool

by Robin Marlar

INDIA, HOME of patience, crept towards England's total of 304 in front of the summer's biggest crowd, some 22,000 strong, on the third day of the Lord's Test. Every run scored was cheered by a substantial Indian contingent just looking to see England headed for ruin.

The day was, essentially, a repeat of the Leeds Test against Pakistan. England, marshalled by Illingworth, cricket's Scrooge, gave nothing away while Viswanath and Solkar, the last accredited pair of Indian batsmen, worked hard for their runs, taking nearly three hours to score 88.

In mid-afternoon as the clouds thickened and darkened ahead of the inevitable shower, England had their one success. Viswanath, who had successfully uprooted the England batsmen from his high belt of 55-31, tried the same stroke when Hutton bowled a shorter, faster one outside the off stump. A brainy ball. Viswanath got a faint edge and Knott took the catch.

Abid Ali had time only to take guard before the umpires were conferring about the light. He was ending the debate by tipping the celestial can of water all over Lord's, India were then 37 runs behind, with four wickets to fall.

At the start of play India's task as clear as it had been since their spinners began to bend the ball on. Viswanath needed as big a lead as possible in case the pitch deteriorated sufficiently for them to be embarrassed in a fourth innings.

Yesterday the wicket, at least as used by England's bowlers, was comparatively benign. There was not the same degree of variation in bounce which the Indian

spinners had exploited against England. The seam bowlers may have seen helpful spots but they could not hit them and the spinners, Illingworth and Gifford, more accurately described as rollers, looked depressingly plain in contrast to the Indians.

Bedi has been winning the most golden opinions. Jim Laker put him at one end and Lindwall at the other as a recipe for eternally happy watching.

As for poor Gifford, he has been cast in the role of substitute executioner. It is inconceivable, at least in the eyes of everyone but selectors and Illingworth, that Gifford has been more effective here than Underwood. Ghosts of great cricketers stalk the ground on these occasions, they say. What Rhodes and Verity would have made of Gifford, I shudder to think. Even to the very much alive Tony Lock his method must have seemed Martian in its oddity.

He bowled to five men on the leg side, including two short legs, with only a slip at silly point, a cover point and a mid-off on the offside. It was short of a leg-side, in fact, and as Gifford was delivering, left-handed from the extreme outside of the crease at almost medium pace, that, I suppose, is what he was bowling.

Illingworth certainly varied his attack more than at Leeds, switching his bowlers and trying different combinations. This was better. He began with spin and waited until the 91st over before taking the new ball. Price bowled it from the pavilion and Solkar hit the first ball for six into the crowd over square leg. Price's run-out was a little better, though he is pacing out the theorem of Pythagoras, turning

strides: if he forgets to turn he will finish up in the Tavern.

Snow bowled with pace and he bowled straight from both ends. 90 degrees left after half a dozen. The ball after the tiny Viswanath had reached his 50 with a cut over the slips. Snow roasted him with a bouncer. The first is still there. Is the arm quite as high?

D'Oliveira and Hutton bowled good spells, fitting into the give nothing away pattern, but it was Snow who beat the batsmen most often. He deserved Abid Ali's wicket, caught after the shower, at mid-wicket hooking at a short one.

Viswanath's innings contained half a dozen strokes of neat purity. A hook off Price, a cut over the slips, a flicking blade on Friday were two to savour and remember. As for Solkar, his consistency is a key factor in the Indian success; perhaps the key factor. In his first series in India against Australia he averaged 27 with a top score of 44.

In the West Indies the figures were 37, with 65 as his highest. This was his fourth Test half century. It was plain and practical, his method brave and his bat straight. He was against the England attack and the occasional vagaries of the pitch.

His achievement, like Viswanath's, was the cue for an invasion of the pitch by hundreds of well-wishers old and young: goodness knows what they do to the batsmen, but they certainly frightened officialdom into an announcement asking them to desist. What they've done to the pitch remains to be seen. If they'd wanted to celebrate something it would have been before the day.

Directed to Farouk Engineer, whose wife presented him with a baby daughter yesterday.

Ulster Town take Cup

by John Woodward

A WASH-OUT at Lurgan yesterday allowed Ulster Town Cricket Club to become first-time winners of the Ulster County Championship. Ireland's six-team equivalent to the English County Championship.

The holders of Ulster, going for their third title, had to take full points from their match against North West but no play was possible in the rain. The match was overcast and again before lunch.

Country with their first fixture against North Leinster washed out. May, the Ulster cricket, finished up by beating North West instead they are left as runners-up regardless of what happens in the final games between North West and

the first time I really noticed the weather. I hate all the rain—and her efforts have yielded handsome dividends this season.

She reached the quarter-finals of the Open championship, won the under-21 category at the Hovis Tournament and the Leinster County Cup. She was also the runner-up in the Irish Stroke Play Championship, in which she eventually finished third.

After sharing the half-way lead with Miss McKenna, she fell away in the final two rounds on Friday and Saturday. She was struggling. Josephine generated an excitement that few Irishmen or women could match. McKenna is one of the few. She exudes power and her ability to hit the ball vast distances—she has hit a 200-yard shot—can out-drive her frequently intimidated opponents and makes spectators gasp.

But she creates most of her excitement with her putter. By any standards she's extremely good on the greens. "It's my strength," she says. "It can be very difficult if I'm not putting well. It's really a question of confidence. If I tell myself that the ball is going into the hole it probably will."

But she does for this pleasant, vivacious girl who is somewhat bemused by the stir that her trendy fashion consciousness has created among golf writers and correspondents.

At the moment she's happy with her name but she's determined to improve it still more before deciding whether she should make her career in golf. Her most immediate ambition is to win the Irish girls title at Royal Portrush this week. It's her last chance to win a title before she moves to the States after she wants to win her place in the Irish team.

It would not be presumptuous for her to think instead in terms of the Open championship, and the Cus Cup. But with such maturity, she refuses to look past her immediate goals.

Josephine's last year's most promising player feels that her sister, Hilary, who is five years older, could be a better player than she. The only snag is that Hilary has no interest in golf.

"She hates the name now," says Josephine. "It's probably because she can be so good. So can Josephine, who has about her the raw material of greatness."

ALL OVER the country dark clouds made threatening gestures over the cricket grounds. There were thunderstorms here and there, quick showers made the players run for cover, and the spectators hurry to collect their belongings and preserve dry seating places with newspapers.

At Trent Bridge the weather behaved reasonably well, and the Nottinghamshire opening batsmen got on with the bat. Sussex's Fred Trueman and Harris passed the 170 mark before they were separated, and Frost, with a vigorous hitting spell after lunch reached 104, the second century of his career. He finished off his century a little later.

The betting shop was set up under the big scoreboard—the first open betting on a county cricket ground since the easy-going days of a hundred years or so ago.

At Dudley, when Yorkshire was 100-odd for two against Worcestershire, one might have been tempted to put some money on the home side. However, Carter went to work on a damp wicket, and Yorkshire were all out for 170-71 of them to Sharpe.

Carter took seven for 61, and the other three went to Wilkinson, his first wickets in county cricket.

The Gloucestershire batsmen were in trouble against Essex at Bristol, where there was heavy



Vishwanath cuts Gifford for two. But soon afterwards he was out, caught by wicketkeeper Knott

rain before and after lunch. Half the side were out for less than 100, and Hutton, hit over the heart by a ball from Boyce, had to leave the field.

At Leicester, in the home county's match against Surrey, Spencer of Leicestershire came out to field after lunch with a black eye, the result of walking into a return to the wicket by

Norman. Surrey lost their first three wickets cheaply, but then Yannis and Roope got together creditably.

At Basingstoke, where Hampshire battled against Derbyshire, rain prevented all but 65 minutes play before lunch, and only Greenidge and Turner, with a second-wicket stand of 58, showed any confidence against Smith's off-spinners. Hampshire were without Richards, who is ill, and their captain Gilliat, injured.

At Swansea, Ackerman and Stewart, opening the batting for Northamptonshire against Glamorgan, were constantly in and out of the pavilion, avoiding showers. In spite of this they had out on 100 by tea. Northamptonshire's best opening stand of the season. Both got away with dropped catches early on.

McVicker, of Warwickshire, looking against Ken at Edgbaston, had the satisfaction of breaking the middle stump when he got the wicket of Denness with only six on the board.

Terry Delaney

Younis, Roope save Surrey

by Richard Streeton

perilously close to Steel in the slips on its way to fence. Even this mistake did not deter Toledard from relying almost exclusively on his faster man.

Otherwise Leicestershire received no encouragement as the runs were accumulated. Younis pulled and drove strongly and Roope hit the ball well past mid-on and was always forewarned on the back foot.

Initially Surrey had hardly been like a side with little aspiration to win. After 45 minutes three wickets had crashed during four fatal overs and there were only 48 runs on the board. Two fine catches by an unassuming run-out were the means by which Leicestershire at this stage had seized full control.

Micky Stewart was first out—brilliantly caught in the gully by

Barry Dudgeon, who either by instinct or in the needs of self-preservation clung to the stumps until that rest of us never saw.

Next came Dudley Owen-Thomson, who with a surmise like that should surely be playing for Gloucestershire, was held with equal short leg by Brian Gavaghan.

Finally came a gift for Leicestershire, the ludicrous as in border on to Jack Norman at square leg and called for a Mike Edwards who unhesitatingly responded but never had a chance to beat Norman's return.

Younis and Roope understood fully progressed with caution up to lunch but afterwards they gradually speeded up.

John Dawes' try, in fact, was a gift for Leicestershire, who led 11-3 at his

Edwards and Dave Barry John, three pen in conversion by John's conversion by Masterton, was again seven. As things went that Mike Gibson star for Leicestershire as I am given to it.

McVicker, of Warwickshire, looking against Ken at Edgbaston, had the satisfaction of breaking the middle stump when he got the wicket of Denness with only six on the board.

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AUSTRALIAN SOCCER RESULTS

THE VICTORIAN Soccer Federation have called for a report on a Third Division match abandoned at Melbourne yesterday after one side had been reduced to six players. Olympic who were being beaten 6-0 by Rangers when the referee called off the game after 80 minutes, had two players sent off in the first half and lost three more through injuries after the interval.

The Federation Secretary, George Wallace, said the executive committee would meet on Wednesday to discuss the situation and decide whether the match should be replayed.

In Perth, a match between Perth City and Swan Valley had to be postponed for 24 hours after a sandstorm uprooted the goal posts.

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NEW SOUTH WA

PEOPLE

A hero in exile

COLONEL Demetrios Oropoulos, once Chief of Staff of Greece's Nato mission in Washington, is one of the key figures at the head of the international resistance to the Greek junta. A gentlemanly man, confined to a wheelchair since an accident two years ago, Colonel Oropoulos in his London flat denies that he would ungratefully "overlook the kindness" of his admirer British hosts by conspiring on their soil, and to the extent that he does not actually lead a band of commandos, I accepted to be convinced.

But there is at least one man who is not so convinced: Prime Minister Papadopoulos. When the Colonels took over in April 1967 Colonel Oropoulos was one of the first officers to be exiled. He was sent to the bleak island of Folegandros where even the water had to be brought from Athens every two weeks. Transferred to Lesbos the athletic 50-year-old colonel broke his spine in two places in a diving accident and, convinced he was dying anyway, Papadopoulos gave him permission to come to London for treatment. When he began to recover Papadopoulos last March cut off his army insurance which was paying for the expensive spinal treatment. "Revenge," said Colonel Oropoulos. A few days ago Papadopoulos stripped him of his Greek citizenship for "anti-national activities abroad."

Prime Minister Papadopoulos knows his opponent

well. They were at cadet school together—Colonel Oropoulos head of the class. It was Oropoulos who taught the present Prime Minister military tactics. "One of your more successful pupils," I suggested. "Did he show any inclinations then of wanting to take over?" "I remember he wanted to call our class the Class of August 4th," Colonel Oropoulos said. "In memory of the pre-war dictator General Metaxas." "How old was he then?" "Nineteen."

Colonel Oropoulos wanted to call his class The 300, in memory of King Leonidas who repulsed the foreign invader (the Persians). He too has lived up to his youthful ambitions. At 21 he was fighting the Italians in the mountains; in 1941 he organised the first underground partisan resistance in Greece, and then escaped to the Middle East. There he fought alongside the British with the Greek raiding parties from 1942 to 1945. Then back home for four years of savage civil war fighting against the Communists. "I have met death many times," he says, without much relish.

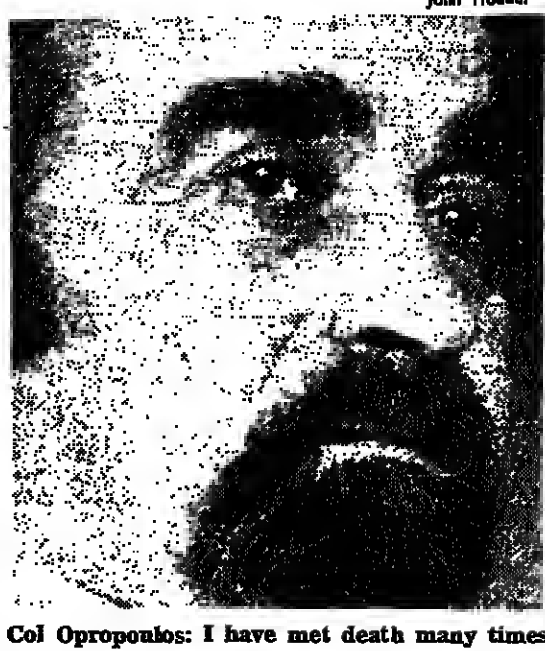
A conservative career-officer his one ambition now is to see all political elements in Greece, the monarchists, the conservatives, and the Communists, united in the common aim of driving out the Colonels.

"I believe that the army should belong to the people and not to a party," he said. "I would fight Red dictatorship or Black dictatorship. In '45 the Communists tried to seize power by force, but I have no prejudice against them now that they are willing to accept the choice of the people."

Members of the four anti-government organisations are frequent visitors to his home—among them Theodorakis.

"Would you agree that now after four years Greece is reaching the point where either the dictatorship cracks—or it settles in for a generation?"

"That is so. But I believe the dictatorship will crack. People do not realise that although the Colonels control the key positions they do not dominate all the army. The fact that the American House of Representatives Foreign Affairs Committee voted last week to withhold all military aid



Col Oropoulos: I have met death many times

from Greece until the return of constitutional rule is very significant. Withholding £50 million worth of arms would not immediately affect the supply of course, but the real significant effect will be that the army as a whole will realise that America is not on the side of the Colonels.

"The Pentagon thinks Greece is vital. It is vital. But now that the people are beginning to realise that the guns being given to protect them against the Communists are not bringing them freedom, there is a big risk that the people will turn to Communism. There is no doubt that the junta is a menace to the whole of Europe, because every country has such people and it is a bad example

to the other free nations. I see that two weeks ago the American Ambassador in Athens was finally authorised to call on the King in Rome. I hope that means a real change of heart on the part of the Americans."

One suspects that Colonel Oropoulos is no monarchist, but "unity" is his only concern now. "We must forget the past and work for unity." No easy task. Only the romantic outsider can reach back in imagination unhindered to the mythical "democracies" of ancient Greece. (These city states were in fact closer to oligarchies since neither women, "slaves" nor "outsiders" were allowed to vote.)

The memory of a modern Greek reaches back more easily to the Dictator Metaxas, and to the Nazis who helped nourish Greek fascism. The Greek Communists were no democrats, and the monarchs have been bunglers. After the disastrous Queen Frederika, it was the naïve meddling of the popular young athletic King which led to Papadopoulos's resignation and opened the way to the Colonels. The King's unsuccessful attempt to rally the people against the Colonels in his broadcast from Radio Larissa in December 1967 impressed no one.

Colonel Oropoulos and his anti-junta comrades have no unshared well of pure democracy to dip into—no matter what the popular history books say. On the surface he seems to be a genuine democrat bound to simple military traditions of service to one's country. Mentally very progressive despite his disability, he gives a strong impression of tolerance and kindness. But he won the highest military decoration for bravery in the field of battle nine times—and kindness does not win you that kind of award.

Colonel Oropoulos does not admit to organising any kind of military resistance, but he does feel that the time has come for real resistance inside the country. "There are some things which which are done inside the country," he said. "I believe that torture and suppression of liberty will now begin to drive the Greek people to organised resistance."

Peter Lennon

One way to solve Rome's problem

THE NEW RADICAL resubmission of Rome's traffic was planned to be executed in four phases: the first carried out in October and the last, completed on January 10, perhaps the most eye-catching. It deals with Rome's core. The area covers the well-known triangle between Piazza del Popolo, Piazza Venezia and Piazza Barberini.

The city centre—surely the worst for traffic in the world—was virtually at a standstill, the buildings themselves practically invisible, the air unbearably thick and the noise deafening. The bloom of renaissance culture became a monster to be avoided at all costs. The catch phrase between locals was "for heavens sake live in the periferia and never go anywhere near it." You should see the periferia! If that isn't an insult to the soul what is?

Perhaps the Romans have lived with their city too long. Or had major forces beyond them reduced them to negative thinking and apathy? Their genius long ago subsided into lethargy not so much from effects of the midday sun (like Naples) as the migration north of the Sicilians at the beginning of the century. This led to the take-over by their party politics, throwing the capital into confusion, corruption and provincialism.

Negative pressures from the inside are probably the true explanation of why it has taken so long. Understandably it has been long uphill work preparing the public, which has now resigned itself to its fate: it is possible to get into the centre by

IMPROVEMENT

a very long and complicated way round (the private car is not forbidden access, it is only a tortuous route) or the Romans take a bus, or walk.

The authorities themselves, now over the initial breakthrough are well pleased. The public on the whole is co-operating amazingly when you take into account the explosive temperament; loud complaints turn rapidly in a few days to acceptance when the Commune shows, all too rarely, some good sense and at last a logical solution to a problem that was reducing a frustrated populace to total neurasthenia. They say they will not return to the old half measures (this is the normal procedure in Rome, which satisfies no one).

Their goal was primarily to rid the centre of vehicles crossing it purely to get to the other side. This can be done by altering native outer routes of one-way systems which, although in distance are slightly longer, achieve for the driver his goal far quicker. Excluding one or two small areas still to be adjusted, the traffic now flows, due also to the unencumbering of the Tiber's banks.

With the new system the shopkeepers alone were a large stumbling block. Would not trade fall precipitously? On January 15 they threatened a strike the following day. In effect they closed



Before... and after the traffic change on the Via del Tritone. The right-hand picture is for buses and taxis only travelling in the opposite direction.

down for half an hour only. Instead there has been a momentary lowering of prices to tempt the buyer back, the shopkeeper realising the Romans will do so once he has taught himself to walk a hundred yards.

Also common sense tells them, once their emotions subside, that trade may even pep up when it comes home to people that the days are over when you could be pinned against a wall, concubines moved down on a zebra, or jostled and shouldered off the kerb under a bus's mammoth wheel inches away. This may sound inconceivable to an orderly British public with payments wide enough to hold it, and enough sang-froid and self-control by drivers to contain their rage of the pedestrian. Here the terror was all too real, with pavements a maximum four to five feet wide and often none at all, bus fumes black as tar and a national habit of pushing under-standably acquired over centuries of being unable to make any headway.

Access has not been denied, remember, only superfluous traffic filtered off. The fact that public transport has not been increased is not so negative as it sounds, since the authorities, for it has gained in speed, hence the service flows twice as fast as it did. Though perhaps still not sufficient it is none the less a point. Although the whole project was not motivated by tourism, the tourist indirectly benefits immeasurably. First and foremost more freedom to wander, even into the middle of the road some times; to observe and absorb Rome's unique structure which was blocked by rivers of seething metal monsters. The narrowness of the streets turns the car from the reasonable proportions it has, say, in Oxford Street, into a dinosaur in the Corso, making an overall view impossible.

Not only have the streets been decongested but, as a sideline, the Commune has thought it worthwhile to unencumber some of the monuments on the way. Parking had made them invisible. Now, such eye-catchers as the obelisk of Piazza del Popolo or



The clearly-marked lane in the right-hand picture is for buses and taxis only travelling in the opposite direction.

the column in Piazza di Spagna have been freed from their parked vehicles. The eye once more can roam their full length, their steps can be seen, and after all it is what they were meant for.

As one national paper very aptly put it "...out of a hysteric centre has returned once more a historic centre."

Our Rome Correspondent writes: The reforms in the city centre are working well. An addition to the original basic plan has been the banning of traffic entirely from Via Frattina, one of the popular shopping streets running from the Corso to the Piazza di Spagna. Announcement of the proposal to do this provoked the traditional violent outcry by shopkeepers; customers would stay away, business would be slashed, bankruptcy would loom. As it (predictably) turned out, Via Frattina, with both roadway and pavement available to pedestrians, has become a thronged rendezvous

and "boulevard" and business has never been so good.

Likewise, tourist-popular places such as Piazza Navona, the delightful Piazza Santa Maria in Trastevere and the square in front of the Fontana (Three Coins) di Trevi have also been cleared of traffic. On the principle that there must always be some frustration to even the best-laid Italian plans, the trouble now is that while cars remain out of these zones, they are invaded at night by raucous motor-cyclists.

Overall, while the reforms are working, Rome still has frightfully congested areas elsewhere and attempts to persuade an estimated 20,000 or so Romans to leave their cars at home and use public transport to and from work have failed.

While reorganisation has abolished some parking places, bigger and more congested ones have sprung up elsewhere. Some inner Rome suburbs are now little more than massive parking lots. The notorious area around the great Vittorio Emanuele monument (The Wedding Cake) at Piazza Venezia continues as one of the worst bottlenecks.

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Both Miss Jackson and Mr Finch share not only the same lover, but the same answering service. (A much more likely coincidence in New York than here.) They spend the weekends in Greenwich suburbs with the same parody of a permissive, children-ridden family. To fill in her background, she visits her fossilised, money-centred parents, in mansion block reminiscent of Blenheim Palace, where her father rings up New York to "unload two million"—and she has a flashback to an improbable moment in the Blitz when father forgot his gas-mask. He returns to his family for his nephew's

Priscilla Baschieri-Salvadori

WHAT'S ON TODAY

Jack the Ripper: guided walk through London's Victorian East. 83 years ago, The East End is being demolished fast. Two years from now the Ripper's old haunts will all be gone. Walkers meet at Whitechapel Underground, 3 pm.

Duke referees: England takes on the USA at polo. The match, refereed by the Duke of Edinburgh, is at Cowdrey Park, Sussex, 3.30. Admission 22 per car.

Music: In the Park, London. Paying: 100 pence. Free: 50 pence. 7.30 pm. In the Park, London. Paying: 100 pence. Free: 50 pence. 7.30 pm. In the Park, London. Paying: 100 pence. Free: 50 pence. 7.30 pm.

Card Games: Open to the public. Bedfordshire: West Park, Silsoe. Bedfordshire: The Old Rectory, Longworth. Bedfordshire: The Old Rectory, Longworth. Bedfordshire: The Old Rectory, Longworth.

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SECOND OPINION

By Alan B.

PERHAPS I should not have felt so blank and unresponsive, exposed to John Schlesinger's Sunday, Bloody Sunday, if I had not entered the cinema with my ears still ringing to critical plaudits which might have sounded a trifle fulsome after the first showing of Citizen Kane. According to one of our best film critics, John Coleman of the New Statesman, this was the best film yet from one of our best home-grown directors, a beautiful, painful and adult. He confessed to feeling "in the presence of a masterpiece" and his opinions were echoed by other reviewers I respect.

Could it be a classic example of the critic's film in that specialised sense, known to all professional toilers in the trade, of being a pleasure to write about? This is one of the most seductive temptations in the business—the itch to over-rate what has seen so as to justify what will be written afterwards on the page. Sunday, Bloody Sunday positively begs the pundit to analyse its apparently heady-eyed accuracy to recognise an easy familiarity of social nuances, to respond to half-buried jokes dotted throughout like explosives in a mine-field. There has not been such a window display of significant detail since the heyday of D. W. Griffith. Though the original idea sprang from the director, it is perhaps significant that the scriptwriter was Penelope Gilliat, herself a film critic, and this is just the kind of film that she would have embraced in print with warm affection and respect. Or would she?

Despite Sunday, Bloody Sunday's success with the British Press, I got the impression it was aimed more at those Anglophile cult-makers in New York who like to picture London as a trendy Camelot, where even quakers all look straight, drug addicted and their faces the worst of the worst. The film is a far state, beautiful people play intellectual party games, outrageously articulate toddlers smoke pot. Leafy frolics in the last condemned playground, Attie nights in the closing pleasure of a night club, all rolled into a misty, fairy-like backdrop of Baghdad-on-Thames which could be off-printed as a cover for Time magazine. These Britishers, they're so damned mature and sophisticated, no one raises an eyebrow at a sexual sandwich in which lady management consultant and Jewish doctor both love, and make love to, a young man who designs businessmen's prestige toys.

John Coleman particularly admires the film because it proves that "good art does not have to be difficult, banal or profound, or formulaic." "Difficult" isn't—though overlapping of sequences, with music and voices lingering ghostly on after the image has faded, interspersing fantasy and reality, and especially the staccato allusiveness of some dialogue, occasionally baffling, perhaps not around me. Baffling, perhaps not—though there is something alienating, faintly patronising, about viewing Britain as a middle-class dormitory, where people act out their messy, selfish psychodramas, usually in outside rooms, though enough for a Cuvard, while the country is gripped by a financial crisis.

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Both Miss Jackson and Mr Finch share not only the same lover, but the same answering service. (A much more likely coincidence in New York than here.) They spend the weekends in Greenwich suburbs with the same parody of a permissive, children-ridden family. To fill in her background, she visits her fossilised, money-centred parents, in mansion block reminiscent of Blenheim Palace, where her father rings up New York to "unload two million"—and she has a flashback to an improbable moment in the Blitz when father forgot his gas-mask. He returns to his family for his nephew's

barmitzrah, followed by Royal celebration the day after, in the Buckingham Palace. A flashback to his own age ceremony.

After a crisis in life, he has a fantasy of dying. After an accident, she has a fantasy of dying. After an accident, she has a fantasy of dying. After an accident, she has a fantasy of dying.

Between them, Sci Mrs Gilliat work of ing every rift with beyond the ability eye to absorb. Some of the obvious rather as I did old performance in Dea that I was watching instructed to appreciate conspicuously. Son grinding clean her carpet after dejected to her shut too to it. Murray I a party in a pet, down the street try dog turds off his sh when the critic fir Jackson in her radi even her rich pare conventional splend end of an enormous The small nu grandiose settings over illuminating.

George Melly tells man so insulated aged passions, ep generation gap. If remains unfilled. Strong hint that he is talented than he when the opportu itself to demonstrate discussing a new friends of his ow treated like a revu he is potentially a cinematic, because cryptic, character i

Sunday, Bloody Sunday is a film for audiences and with baps because I kn of the metropolitan it purports to pene unconvincing, writt usually boring. Sup intelligence, direct mense technical di unusually concern mitted actors, I 2 seems a long way I work, or even a entertainment.

Heath-n

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